

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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Winter.*

SUMMER is gone, on swallow's wings,
And Earth has buried all her flow'rs,
That lov'd to bask in sunny hours :
No more the lark or linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bow'rs.
There's gloom on Autumn's shadowy face,
And mistiness on his pale eyes,
The Tempest blots his painted skies,
The Spoiler's in his dwelling-place ;
And, as the ruthless one bereaves
Of all his few, last, golden leaves,
Along his naked bow'rs he sighs,
And grieves as waning Beauty grieves,
When each dear charm successive flies.

Yes! Summer's gone like pageant bright !
Its glorious days of golden light
Are gone, like mimic suns that quiver,
Then melt, and vanish in the river ;

* An Address to the Islington Literary Society, read at their first Winter Meeting in October 1820, by Thomas Hood, then President of the Society. Printed from the original MS. in Hood's handwriting.

Gone the sweetly scented breeze,
That spoke, in music, to the trees ;
Gone, for damp and chilly breath,
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,
Or newly from the lungs of death ;
Gone its virgin roses,—blushes
Warm as when Aurora rushes
Freshly from the god's embrace,
With all her shame upon her face ;
All moulder in the earth, unseen,
For Time, relentless, never spares
E'en lovely ones as they have been,
And cheeks as beauty-bright as theirs !

Season of pleasure, then adieu !
Till thou shalt visit us anew.
Yet who without regretful sigh,
Can say " Adieu," and see thee fly
Like some bright fair one—cold, unkind,
Nor leaving one sweet smile behind ?
Not he that e'er hath sweetly felt
Thy sunbeams in his bosom melt,
His heart expanding to each glance,
And lightsome as an aspen leaf,
As if a breath could make it dance,
So buoyant, and so void of grief !

Farewell ! thy birds again shall sing,
And sunny hours return and bring
Many a bright, and lovely thing ;
Again thy blushing roses bloom,
And zephyr flutter on a wing
Laden with music and perfume.
Sweet flowers shall be, where flowers have been,
As if they had but slept awhile,
Thy waving bowers be clothed in green,
Thy skies shall glow, thy waters smile.

Then farewell, Summer, yet farewell !
We hope in other years to find thee,
But leave !—to cheer the glooms we tell—
Leave Mirth and Pleasure still behind thee !

But say, hath Winter then no charms ?
Is there no joy, no gladness warms
His aged breast ?—no happy wiles
To cheat the hoary one to smiles ?
Onward he comes, from rocks that blanch,
O'er solid streams that never flow ;
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
Just crept from some huge avalanche.
A thing half breathing and scarce warm,
As if one spark began to glow
Within some statue's marble form,
Or pilgrim stiffened in the storm.
Oh, will not Joy but strive in vain
To light up those glaz'd eyes again ?
And will not Mirth's light arrows fail
To pierce that frozen coat of mail,
Each throbbing pulse—all utterance lost—
Imprison'd in the bonds of frost ?

But take him in, and blaze the oak,
And warm the wine, and pour the ale ;
His sides shall shake to many a joke,
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay
And all his palsy charm'd away.
What heeds he then the boisterous shout,
Of angry winds that scold without,
Like shrewish wives at ale-house door ?
What heeds he then the wild uproar
Of billows breaking on the shore ?
In rushing waves, in howling breeze,
There is a music that can charm him,

When safe and shelter'd and at ease,
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

And hark ! those shouts, that cheerful din !
Those sounds of noisy Mirth within,
Those frequent bursts of artless Joy !
Oh ! take him where the youngsters play,
And he shall grow as young as they,
Laugh, dance, and sing, and act the Boy.
They come ! they come, each blue-eyed Sport,
The Twelfth-night King, with all his Court,
'Tis Mirth fresh crowned with mistletoe !
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his puns and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go !
And Love—young Love among the rest
A welcome, nor unbidden Guest !
And now the slipper strikes the ground,
And now the Blind Man's eyes are bound ;
They turn him round, and round, and round,
His horses are "black, white and grey,"
He cannot guess the fingers three,
Sure token that he cannot see,
So let him catch the wight he may !
Ah ! now "pinch-spotted as the pard,"
He asks them why they pinch so hard ?
Now gaily claims the Forfeit kiss
With eager lips, for blushing Miss
Must ransom silver thimbles so.
And Time as he goes laughing past
Such eyes that shine, such cheeks that glow,
Regrets that he must fly so fast.

Now Winter joins a graver set
Just met—perchance as we are met

In close divan—but not their parts
To gravely ask if trumps be hearts,
Or hearts be trumps?—Spades, diamonds, clubs?
Or mourning fickle Fortune's rubs
Sitting so wistfully and mute,
To trump, revoke, or follow suit.
'Tis their's to speak of better things
Than e'en Court Honours, Knaves or Kings,
Which, with the odd trick, and the stake,
And all the rest, the Deuce may take.

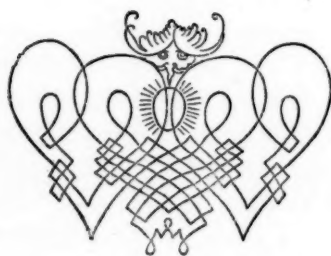
'Tis their's to ask if one may trace
The mind, the heart within the face?
Or whether Satire's venom'd sting
From Envy and ill-nature spring?
If people fill the planets bright?
And whence their life, and heat and light?
Then leave the skies, to ask and show
The springs from whence ideas flow;
Or cut vile Prejudice in shreds,
To analyse the Hydra's heads;
And what is Taste? and does the Stage
Or Pulpit most to mend the age?
Or musing o'er the olden time,
Talk o'er its chivalry sublime,
Or turn to Chymistry's deep page;
Then last, not least, they wisely ask
What Man himself—his moral Nature?
Or view their Country's laws, and task
The flaws in Civil Judicature.

Happy are those who thus can meet
And find such conversations sweet!
Happy are they who thus can chuse
Such blameless themes, that oft amuse,
And oft improve;—no stories sprung
From Envy's heart to Satire's tongue,

No praise oblique that ends in blame,
No Scandal loving to condemn
All Virtue but her own—the gem
That's foil'd upon another's shame—
No Pride disdaining to resign
Its very errors for the right,
No Anger with more heat than light,
Nor Vanity that burns to shine.

Thus, then, we meet, and if ye bring
Wit, Beauty, Sense and everything
Ye took away, and Mirth and Health,
That have more honey-sweets than Wealth,
Welcome! thrice welcome!—whether come
From Paris, Islington, or Rome,
Or even Como's far-fam'd lake—
A warm, and heartfelt Welcome take!

THOMAS HOOD.



How Piracy was Stopped in Morocco.



BEFORE the year 1856, vessels becalmed on the Reef coast between the Algerian frontier and the Spanish fortress Peñon, which is situated about sixty miles to the eastward of the Moorish port of Tetuan, were frequently captured by Reefian "karebs," large galleys manned by thirty or forty men, armed with long guns, pistols, and daggers.

When a vessel becalmed, drawn by the current, approached the Reef coast, especially in the vicinity of the village of Beniboogaffer, near Cape "Tres Forcas," about fifteen miles to the westward of the Spanish fortress of Melilla, the natives launched their "karebs," hidden in nooks on the rocky coast, or buried under sand, and set out in pursuit, firing volleys as they neared the vessel. The crew, if they had not escaped in the ship's boats when the piratical craft hove in sight, were made prisoners, but were not in general ill-treated unless they attempted to offer resistance.

On landing, they were compelled to labour in the fields, receiving a daily allowance of very coarse food. The captured vessel was rifled of cargo and rigging, and then burnt, so as to leave no vestige.

In the year 1855 a British vessel was captured by the "karebs" of Beniboogaffer.

In pursuance of instructions from H.M.'s Government, a strong representation was made by me to the Sultan of Morocco, then Mulai Abderahman, grandfather of the present sovereign, Mulai Hassan, demanding that the pirates should be chastised, that compensation should be given to the owner of the vessel, and that energetic steps should be taken by His Sheriffian Majesty to put a stop to these piratical acts of his lawless subjects of the Reef.

The Sultan, on the receipt of this demand, despatched officers from his court to the Reef country with a Sheriffian edict to the chieftains, directing that the sums demanded for the destruction of British property should be paid, and threatened if further piracies were committed, to send a force into the Reef to chastise his rebellious subjects.

No attention was paid to this edict, for though the Reefians acknowledge the Sultan of Morocco as "Kaliph* Allah," H.M. being a direct descendant from the Prophet, and though they allow a governor of Reef extraction to be appointed by him to reside amongst them, they do not admit of his interference in the administration of government or in any kind of legislation, unless it happens, he is voluntarily appealed to in cases of dispute.

The Reefians, however, pay annually a small tribute, which is generally composed of mules and honey, the latter article being much cultivated on the extensive tracts of heather in the Reef mountains. This tribute is collected by the Governor and transmitted to the Sultan.

After a lengthened correspondence with the Moorish Court, it was brought to a close on the Sultan declaring he had no power of control over the mountainous districts in the Reef, and therefore declined to be held responsible for the depredations committed on vessels approaching that coast. The British Government then despatched a squadron to Gibraltar under Admiral Sir Charles Napier, with orders to embark a regiment at that garrison, and to proceed to the Reef coast and chastise the lawless inhabitants.

This step was decided on without consulting me, for I should never have advised that ships of the line should be sent to bombard the wretched hamlets on the Reef coast, or to attempt to land a small body of troops to attack villages perched on rocky fastnesses, inhabited by a well-armed and daring race, for such an expedition would have led to great loss of life, and certainly to no beneficial results. Sir Charles Napier, on his arrival at Gibraltar with the squadron, communicated to me his instructions, and I did not hesitate in expressing my opinion that it would do more harm than good if he bombarded the villages, or disembarked troops on the

* The population of Morocco have never accepted, like other Mahomedans, the Sultan of Turkey, who is not a descendant of the Prophet, as "Kaliph Allah."

coast of Reef; and that I thought it would be advisable, in the first place, that the Admiral should pay a visit in some small vessel, when he would be better enabled to form an opinion as to the measures to be adopted. Sir Charles did not reply to my communication, and having embarked a regiment at Gibraltar, proceeded with the squadron to the Reef coast. No attempt, however, was made to land troops there, neither was a gun fired.

On his arrival at the Spanish fort of Melilla, which is about fifty miles to the westward of the Algerian frontier, Sir Charles called on the Spanish Governor and requested him to invite the chiefs of the neighbouring villages to come to Melilla to meet him.

On their arrival, the Admiral demanded compensation for the losses sustained by the owner of the British vessels which had been captured. The Reefians cunningly evaded discussion by replying that they could not accede to demands which did not emanate from the Sultan, whose orders they declared they would be prepared to obey.

Sir Charles accepted these vague assurances, and with this unsatisfactory result returned with the squadron to Gibraltar, and addressed to me a communication, making known the language held to him by the Reefians, and requested that I should despatch an express courier to the Moorish Court to call upon the Sultan to give the requisite orders to the Reefians, who, he declared, were prepared to obey, though he admitted he was ignorant of the names of the chieftains with whom he had the parley.

In my reply to the Admiral I expressed my belief that the Reefians had cunningly given these vague assurances to induce him to depart with his ships from their coast, and that I apprehended the Sultan would express his surprise that we should have been led to suppose that the piratical and rebellious inhabitants of the Reef coast would pay compensation or give other satisfaction, in pursuance of any orders which H.S.M. might issue.

In this sense, as I had expected, the Sultan replied to my note, holding out, however, a hope, which had been expressed in past years, that he would seek at a more favourable moment to make the Reef population, who had been from time immemorial in a semi-independent state, more subservient to his control.

Some months after the squadron had returned to England, a British vessel, becalmed off the village of Beniboogaffer, was taken by a Reefian piratical craft, and the English crew were made captives.

Tidings having reached Gibraltar of the capture of the British ship, a gun-boat was sent to Melilla to endeavour to obtain through the intervention of the Spanish authorities, and an offer of a ransom, the release of the British sailors, but this step was not attended with success. Having heard that the Englishmen who had been captured had been presented by the pirates to a Reef Marabet (or holy man) named Alhadary, who resided on the coast, and as I had in past years been in friendly communication with this person regarding some Reefians, who had proceeded in a British vessel to the East on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and who had been provided by me with letters of recommendation to British Consular officers, I wrote to Alhadary a friendly letter, expressing the indignation I felt at the outrages which had been committed by his piratical brethren on British vessels; that I had been informed the authorities at Gibraltar had endeavoured, when they heard British sailors were in the hands of the pirates, to pay a ransom for their freedom, but had failed, as exorbitant demands had been put forward; and that since I had learnt my countrymen were in his hands, I felt satisfied they would be well treated, and that he would facilitate at once their release and return to Gibraltar; that I entertained too high an opinion of him to suppose he would not consent to their release except on the payment of a ransom, and therefore I would make no offer to purchase the liberty of my countrymen, but renewed those assurances of friendship and goodwill, of which I said I had already given proof in the past treatment of his brethren.

Alhadary replied that the sailors were under his care and had been well treated; that they would be embarked in the first vessel which might be sent to receive them.

This engagement was faithfully executed, and at my suggestion the authorities at Gibraltar sent a suitable present to the worthy Marabet. I wrote also to thank Alhadary, and to beg that he would use his influence to put a stop to the disgraceful outrages committed in past years by his brethren on the lives and property of British subjects, and that I should probably take an opportunity of seeking to have a parley with the chiefs, in the hope of coming to an understanding with them, to bring

about a cessation of these outrages ; adding, that if my friendly intervention did not put a stop to the piracy of his brethren, the British Government would be compelled, in concert with the Sultan, to resort to hostile measures on a large scale, and send forces by sea and land to chastise these rebellious subjects of His Sheriffian Majesty.

In the spring of 1856 H.M. frigate *Miranda*, Captain Hall, arrived at Tangier with directions to convey me to the coast of Reef. I embarked on the 21st of April, taking with me a Reefian friend, Hadj Abdallah Lamarty, who was Sheikh of a village near Tangier called Swaney, whose inhabitants are Reefians, or of Reef extraction.

Hadj Abdallah had left the Reef in consequence of a blood feud. He was the Chief of the Boar-hunters at Tangier, and was looked up to with respect, not only by the rural population in the neighbourhood of that town, who are chiefly of Reef extraction, but also by the local authorities, who frequently employed him in the settlement of disputes with the refractory tribes in the mountainous districts of the Tangier province.

We steamed along the rocky coast of Reef and touched at the Spanish garrisons of Peñon and Alhucema. The former is a curious little rock, separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel. A colonel and a few soldiers garrisoned the fortress, which is apparently of no possible use, though the authorities at that time might have aided in checking piracy by stopping the passage of the Reef galleys. The rock is so small, that there was not a walk fifty yards long on any part of it.

On the island of Alhucema, so called from the wild lavender that grows there, we also landed. The Spanish authorities were civil, but held out no hopes of being able to take steps to put a stop to piracy.

This island is also an insignificant possession, about half a mile distant from the mainland. The inhabitants had occasional communication with the Reefians, hoisting a flag of truce whenever a boat was despatched to the shore ; but Spaniards were not at that time allowed to make excursions on the mainland, nor were they permitted to obtain provisions except a few fowls, eggs, and honey.

On our arrival at Melilla, the Governor, Colonel Buceta,* received us courteously. I made known to him that the British Government had directed me to proceed to the coast of

* Afterwards General Buceta, a very distinguished officer.

Reef, to endeavour to come to an understanding with the chiefs with the view of putting a stop to piracy on that coast, the Sultan of Morocco having declared he had no power of control over his lawless subjects, who had shown an utter disregard of the peremptory orders which had been issued to restore British property captured by their piratical galleys; that in order to carry out this object I was anxious to have an interview with some of the chiefs, not only of the villages on the coast where the owners of the piratical galleys dwelt, but more especially with the chiefs of the neighbouring inland villages, as the latter derived no immediate benefit from the plunder of shipping.

Colonel Buceta endeavoured to dissuade me from this purpose, reminding me that Sir Charles Napier had failed in obtaining any beneficial result from his parley with the Reefians who had an interview with him in Melilla.

Perceiving from the Governor's language that he entertained those feelings of jealousy which prevail with Spaniards regarding the intervention of any foreign government in the affairs of Morocco, I let him understand that, should no beneficial result be obtained by my visit in putting a stop to the outrages committed on merchant vessels approaching the Reef coast, it would become a serious matter for the consideration of our Government whether steps should not be taken to inflict a chastisement on the Reefians by landing a force, and in conjunction with the Sultan's troops which might be despatched, at our instigation, for that purpose, to destroy the hamlets and boats on the coast. The question might also arise, perhaps, of erecting a fortress in some sheltered spot where a gunboat could be placed to guard the coast against pirates, which I observed the authorities at Spanish fortresses had hitherto been unable to effect.

This language sufficed to decide Colonel Buceta to accede to my wishes; but he informed me that, in consequence of late acts of aggression on the part of the natives, all communication with the garrison had been cut off, and that no Reefians were allowed to enter; it was therefore out of the question that he could admit any chieftains into Spanish territory. Neither did he think the latter would be disposed to venture into the gates of the fortress.

I then proposed to be allowed to despatch my Reefian friend Hadj Abdallah Lamarty with an invitation to some of the neighbouring chiefs, both on the sea-board and inland, to meet me on the neutral ground.

Colonel Buceta assented, but he repeated that he could not admit any Reefians into the garrison, nor send an escort to accompany me, should I pass the gates, to go into the Reef country, adding that he thought I should be incurring a serious risk of being carried off a prisoner by the Reefians, if in the parley I should happen to express myself in language such as I had used to him regarding the outrages committed by these lawless people.

His predecessor, he informed me, in consequence of the frequent hostilities which had taken place between the natives and the garrison, had proposed to have a meeting with some chieftains within the garrison. This they declined, fearing, as they alleged, some act of treachery; but it was finally agreed that they should meet the Governor on the neutral ground; that he could bring an escort of twenty-five armed men, and that the chiefs would also be accompanied by an equal number of followers; that the Governor and one chief, both unarmed, were to advance to a central spot that was selected about 150 yards distant from where their followers assembled, and that the Spanish Governor could also bring with him an interpreter.

This arrangement was carried out, and a Reefian chief, a man of gigantic stature and herculean frame, advanced to meet the Spanish Governor.

The parley commenced in a friendly manner; propositions were made by each party regarding the conditions upon which peaceful relations were to be re-established; but without bringing about any result.

The Spanish Governor, finding the demands put forward by the chieftain to be of an unacceptable character, expressed himself strongly on the subject. A warm dispute ensued, and on the Governor using some offensive expression, the Reefian seized in his brawny arms the Governor, who was a little man, and chucking him over his shoulders like a sack of grain, called out to the Spanish detachment of soldiers to blaze away, and at the same time to his own men to fire if the Spanish soldiers fired or attempted to advance, whilst the chieftain ran off with the Governor, who was like a shield on his back, to his followers.

The officer in command of the Spanish detachment, fearing that the Governor might be killed, did not venture to let his men fire or advance, and the Governor was carried off prisoner to a village about three miles off on the hills, and notice was then

sent to the fortress that he would not be released until a ransom of 3000 dollars was sent.

The Reefians kept the Governor prisoner until a reference was made to Madrid, and orders were sent for the ransom to be paid. "Now," said Colonel Buceta, "your fate if you trust yourself to these treacherous people will probably be the same, and I shall be quite unable to obtain your release."

I thanked the Governor for the advice, but declared that I must fulfil my mission and was prepared to run all risks, having been accustomed for many years to deal with Reefians at Tangier.

Buceta then consented that I should be allowed to pass the gates of the garrison, and invite the chiefs of the neighbouring Reef villages to a parley on the neutral ground.

Colonel Buceta, a distinguished officer well known for his great courage and decision, was I believe, on the whole, pleased that I held to my purpose, though he warned me again and again that I was incurring a great risk, and that in no manner could he intervene if I and the English officer who might accompany me were taken prisoners.

My messenger returned and informed me that the neighbouring chiefs, both of the inland and of the piratical villages of Beniboogaffer, would meet me on the neutral ground as had been proposed to them.

Accompanied by Capt. Hall, who commanded H.M.'s frigate *Miranda*, my friend Hadj Abdallah, and a Gavass of the Legation, we proceeded to the rendezvous.

Five or six chiefs awaited our advent, attended by some hundred followers, stalwart fellows, many of them more than six feet high.

The chiefs wore brown-hooded dresses, not unlike the costume of a Franciscan friar; but part of the shirt-sleeves and front were embroidered with coloured silks. Handsome leather-belts girded their loins. A few of the Elders wore white woollen haiks, like unto the Roman toga or mantle without seam, such as our Saviour is said to have worn.

Some of the wild fellows had doffed their outer garments, carrying them on their shoulders as they are wont to do when going to battle. Their inner costume was a white cotton tunic, coming down to the knees, with long wide sleeves, fastened behind the back by a cord. Around their loins they wore a leathern girdle embroidered in coloured silk, from which hung

a small pouch for bullets and a dagger ; on the other side was suspended a larger leathern pouch or bag, prettily embroidered with a deep fringe of leather, in which powder is carried ; containing also a pocket to carry the palmetto fibre, curiously enough called "leaf," used instead of wads over powder and ball. Their heads were closely shaved, except that on the right side hung a long lock of braided hair, carefully combed and oiled. Several of them were fair men with brown or red beards, descendants perhaps of those Goths who crossed over into Africa.

The wild fellows reclined in groups on a bank, immediately behind where the chiefs were standing to receive us. After mutual greetings I addressed them in Arabic, which though not the common language, for Berber is spoken in the Reef, yet is understood by the better classes, who learn to read the Koran and to write in the "Jamás" or Mosque schools. The Berber is not a written language.

"Oh, men ! I come amongst you as a friend ; an old friend of the Mussulmans. I have been warned that Reefians are not to be trusted, and that I and those who accompany me are in danger of treachery ; but I take no heed of such warnings, for Reefians are renowned for bravery, and brave men never act in a dastardly manner. My best friends at Tangier are Reefians, or those whose sires came from the Reef, such as my friend here, Hadj Abdallah Lamarty.

"They are my hunters, and I pass days and nights with them out hunting, and am treated by them and look upon them as my brethren ; so here I have come to meet you, with the Captain of the frigate, unarmed, as you see, and without even an escort of my countrymen from the ship-of-war lying there, or from the Spanish garrison, for I felt sure I should never require protection in the Reef against any man."

"You are welcome," exclaimed the chiefs. "The English have always been our friends," and a murmur of approval ran through the groups of armed men seated on the bank.

"Yes !" I continued, "the English have always been the friends of the Sultan, the 'Kaliph Allah,' and of his people.

"You are all Moslems, and as followers of the Prophet every year a number of your brethren who have the means, go to the shrine of the Prophet at Mecca, as required by your religion. How do they go ? In English vessels from Tangier, as you know, and they are therefore, when on board, under the English

flag and protection. They are well treated and their lives and property are safe. They return to Tangier in the same manner, and many of them have come to me to express their gratitude for the recommendations I have given them to English officers in the East, and the kindness they have received at their hands.

"These facts, I think, are known to you; but let us now consider what is the conduct of certain Reefians,—not all, I am happy to add, but those Reefians who dwell on the coast and possess 'karebs,' for the alleged purpose of trade with Tangier and Tetuan and for fishing.

"The inhabitants of these coast villages, especially of the neighbouring village of Beniboogaffer, when they espy a peaceful merchant vessel becalmed off their coast, launch a 'kareb' with forty or fifty armed men, and set out in pursuit.

"The crews of these merchant vessels are unarmed, and generally consist of not more than eight or nine men. When they observe a 'kareb' approaching with a hostile appearance, they escape in their little boats to the open sea, trusting to Providence to be picked up by some passing vessel before bad weather sets in, which might cause their small craft to founder. The merchant vessel is then towed to the beach, where she is stranded, pillaged of cargo and rigging, and burnt.

"I now appeal to all true Moslems whether such iniquitous acts are not against the laws of God and of the Prophet.

"These pirates are not waging war against enemies or infidels, they are mere sea robbers, who set aside the law of the Prophet to pillage the peaceful ships of their friends the English, to whom they are indebted for conveying their brethren in safety to worship at the Holy 'Kooba' of their Prophet.

"To these English whom they rob, and also murder if they attempt to resist, they are indebted for much of the clothing they wear, for the iron and steel of which their arms are made, and for other commodities. I now appeal to those Reefians who dwell in inland villages, and who take no part and have no profit from these lawless acts, and I ask whether they will continue to tolerate such infractions of Allah's laws? Can these men of Beniboogaffer who have been guilty of frequent acts of piracy, can they be Moslems? No, they must be 'Caffers' (rebels against God)." As I said this, I heard from the mound behind me, where the Beniboogaffer people were seated, the sound of the cocking of guns, and a murmur, "He calls us

Caffers." Looking round, I perceived guns levelled at my back.

One of the elder Chiefs rose and cried out, "Let the English Chief speak! What he says is true! Those who rob and murder on the seas innocent people are not Moslems, for they do not obey the law of God."

I continued: "Hear what your wise Chief says. I fancied I heard a sound like the click of a gun being cocked. Some foolish boys must be sitting amongst the assembly, for no brave Reefians, and Beniboogaffers included, would ever commit a cowardly murder on an unarmed man who has come amongst you trusting to the honour and friendship between the Reefians and English from ancient times.

"You have, I think, heard that the English Government has frequently complained to the Sultan Mulai Abderahman, the Kaliph Allah and Emir El Moomeneen (Prince of Believers), of the commission of these outrages, and has put forward a demand for reparation and compensation for damages.

"The Sultan, who is the friend of the powerful Queen of England, my Sovereign, under whose sway there are fifty million of Moslems whom she governs with justice and kindness, had issued his Sheriffian commands to you Reefians to cease from these outrages; but you paid no attention to the orders of the Kaliph of the Prophet.

"The Queen then sent a squadron to chastise the pirates and obtain redress; but the Admiral took pity on the villages, where innocent women and children dwelt, and did not fire a gun or burn a 'kareb,' as he might have done. He had a parley with the Beniboogaffer people and other inhabitants of villages where boats are kept.

"They made false promises, and pretended they would cease to commit outrages, but, as was to be expected, they have broken faith, and since that parley have been guilty of further acts of piracy. So now I have come to see you and hear whether the Reefians in the inland villages will continue to suffer these outrages to be committed by those who dwell on the coast, which may expose all the honest and innocent inhabitants of the Reef to the horrors of war.

"I have begged that no steps should be taken by my countrymen, lest the innocent should suffer, until I make this final attempt to come to an understanding with you; but I have to warn you, as a true friend, if another outrage is com-

mitted, my great and powerful Sovereign, in conjunction with the Sultan, will send large forces by sea and by land to carry fire and sword into your villages, and bring the whole population under subjection. H.S.M. may then think fit to compel the Reef tribes dwelling on the coast to migrate to the interior of his realms, or, at any rate, they will no longer be allowed to possess a single boat for trade, or even for fishing.

"I now ask—Will you inland inhabitants tolerate the continuance of piracy on the part of your brethren on the coast?—Will you brave inhabitants of the coast continue to set Allah's laws at defiance, and thus expose your lives and property, and those of your inland brethren, to destruction?"

The old Chief again spoke, and others stood up and joined him, saying: "He is right. We shall not allow these robberies to be committed on our friends the English; such outrages must cease, and if continued, we shall be prepared to chastise the guilty."

The Beniboogaffer Chiefs said, "We approve."

"I know," I continued, "you Reefians do not sign treaties or like documents; but the words of brave men are more worthy of trust than treaties, which are too often broken. Give me your hands." I held out mine. As the pledge of good faith I shook the hand of the chiefs, including the Beniboogaffer.

"Remember," I said, "it is not English vessels, but all vessels without exception must be respected on approaching your shores."

"We agree," they cried.

Upon which I exclaimed, "I have faith in your words. May God's mercy and blessing be on you all and grant you prosperity and happiness! The Reefians and English shall remain true friends for ever. I bid you farewell."

"Stop," said the chief of a neighbouring village, "come with us and be our guest. We shall kill an ox to feast you and our brethren here, and bid you welcome. You are a hunter; we shall show you sport, and become better acquainted with each other. Upon our heads shall be your life and those of your friends."

I pointed to the frigate, and said: "That vessel has to return immediately, and I have to report what has been done to stop all preparations for seeking through other means to obtain the satisfaction you have so readily offered. I should have been delighted to have gone with you, and I should have felt as safe

as if I was amongst my own countrymen. You are a brave race, incapable of doing a wrong to a true friend. I shall never forget the manner in which you have received me.

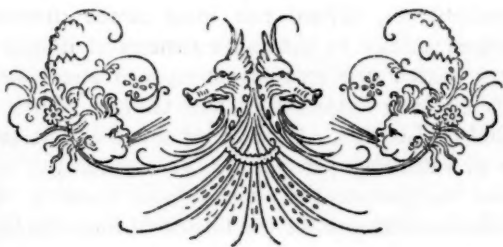
"I bid you all farewell. I believe in your promises, even those made by the Beniboogaffer. Send messengers at once to the villages on the coast and let them know the promises you have made, which they also must be required to carry out strictly."

The Chiefs and their followers tried all they could to persuade me to accompany them, but finally consented that I should depart on promising that I would some day revisit them.

General Buceta was surprised to learn the result of my visit, but said the Reefians would never keep faith, and that we should soon hear of fresh acts of piracy. "In such case," I replied, "we shall have to land a force and burn every hamlet and boat on the coast; but I have every hope the Reefians will keep faith."

They have kept faith, and since that parley near Melilla no vessels, either British or of other nationality, have been captured or molested by the Reefians.

J. H. DRUMMOND HAY.



The Unemployed.

I.—A FEW WORDS UPON ORGANIZED RELIEF.

THE outlook for the coming winter is now an anxious topic of speculation and anticipation with employers and employed, and is not without its interest for those who contribute or administer charity for the relief of distress. The returns published by the Board of Trade, and the calculations founded on them, which issue from Chambers of Commerce and Conferences of those who are concerned with different trades and productive industries, are read with interest. I do not pretend to be an authority competent to instruct the public and guide to correct conclusions from the facts set before them, but I have had an experience of some ten years in the East End of London, and I may be able to contribute something which may be of service to those who are wiser than I am, and more able to find the answer to questions which are being everywhere anxiously asked.

There has been a succession of bad years both in commerce and in agriculture. There has been much distress in the country, and especially in the great centres of industry, and in those places where the people congregate after slackness of work has first driven them hither and thither. Such a place is the East End of London. I think we are the first to feel any indications of returning prosperity. In September 1886 there was a slight improvement in the labour market. It hardly affected skilled labour, but for the unskilled labourer there was a greater demand. It has not yet brought better times to the clerks and others of that class who have suffered from the general reduction in the business establishment. There must be a much greater revival of trade, and of more remunerative trade, before this long-suffering part of the community will see better days. And the effect of this larger demand for manual labour was

neutralized by the constant influx of competitors for every job from all parts of the kingdom. So far as the East End is concerned, I regard this constant accession to our population of those who have failed in their efforts to obtain a livelihood elsewhere, as constituting our most serious difficulty and danger, from the point of view of both the moralist and the economist. One is almost driven to wish the days back again when no one could leave the "hundred" without just cause first shown, and the permission of those in authority. The establishment of labour registries, and the diffusion of better and reliable information (up to date) with regard to the demands for labour in different localities, would be of the greatest benefit.

I have arrived, after careful consideration and painful enquiry, at one or two conclusions. I am convinced that the amount of money subscribed by the charitable is amply sufficient to provide for the needs of the suffering poor, if only there were better organization and more co-operation between the almoners and dispensers of the bounty of the benevolent. And I am sure we have failed hitherto to avoid destroying a feeling of self-respect, independence, and self-reliance, and have pauperized instead of dispauperizing, and have weakened and demoralized many. One cause of this has been the overlapping of charity. This has thwarted the endeavours of those who have striven to discriminate in the distribution of alms between voluntary and involuntary poverty, and whose aim has been to assist the poor in a way that should encourage a hope and a desire of being able presently to provide for themselves without the intervention of charity in any form.

It must be borne in mind that everywhere are to be found many who have become incapable of providing for themselves or their families, and some there are who never possessed much capacity for labour of any kind, and yet are responsible for the maintenance not only of themselves, but of wives and families; and these gravitate to such a neighbourhood as ours. Our difficulties are thus increased, and in the very best of times we shall always have a large percentage of destitute or semi-destitute claimants for relief.

Many are attracted to these quarters by the chance of earning high wages at certain times of the year, as, for example, at the periodical wool sales. These high wages, for a short period, are a doubtful benefit. Thrift and providence are set at a discount, and many are tempted to desert regular employ-

ment at a lower rate of wages, and to trust to charity to keep them in idleness when intermittent employment fails them.

The depression in the shipping trade has not diminished the number of those who flock hither in the hope of obtaining work at the docks. It is heart-rending to witness the struggle of hundreds to be taken on, when only a score or so are required; and, what is most distressing, is to notice the number of fresh applicants for employment.

We are not yet in sight of the day when sufficient work will be provided in the ordinary way for all who seek it, and the problem we are called upon to face, and to endeavour to solve, is how to mitigate the suffering that the coming winter will bring with it, and not at the same time do harm and injury to those whom we desire to benefit. Such spasmodic palliations as Mansion House Relief Funds are to be deprecated in the interests of the poor themselves. The cry for this "relief" does not come from the men who are most worthy of help. These do not parade their destitution, and they shrink from applying for relief. They feel the degradation of forming part of the motley throng that crowds round the place where the almoners of the charity meet to distribute relief. They are disgusted by the impositions they see successfully practised. Surely they deserve to be respected, and we owe it to them to devise some better way of mitigating the severity of their lot. I believe the problem is not insoluble, but it should be considered before the cry for relief becomes so urgent that the public will tolerate no delay in the distribution of relief. If the Boards of Guardians in the area that constitutes what is generally known as the East End were to take counsel together, they might agree upon the principles that should regulate their administration of the Poor Law. If the recognized administrators of charity were brought together for conference, it might result in some agreement as to the best means of distributing relief in the interests of those for whose benefit it is provided. And it would be an immense boon to the community generally, both to those who give and to those who receive, if a system of co-operation could be arranged which might obviate the loss and mischief which now arises from the overlapping of charity.

There are two matters which at the present time attract considerable attention, and affect the condition and prospects of the industrial population of the East End to such an extent that I may be allowed perhaps to refer to them.

The Foreign-bounty system has certainly been the means of closing sugar refineries which formerly gave employment to many men. Lately a large firm in the East End stopped their works, discharged their men, and compounded with their creditors. The disaster affected more than those who were directly employed in this industry. But what of the latter? The public generously responded to the appeal that was made on their behalf. I doubt if any of those who were thrown out of work, by the closing of this establishment, and who really prefer to work rather than to live on alms, are now unemployed, though perhaps their earnings are not always what they were. And it is worthy of note that very many have found employment in the manufacture and preparation of Confectionery, which is largely imported into Germany since the system of Bounty on imported sugar renders it so cheap in this country. There must constantly be dislocation of employment which will cause a temporary distress. The discoveries in chemistry and inventions of new or improved machinery applicable to different processes, will throw men out of work. I expect some such convulsion in the shoe-trade. The men must be taught to expect and provide for these eventualities. And we must all learn to meet these emergencies in the right and not in the wrong way. We may any day in the East End feel the effect of some such accident, and it is to be hoped it will not be allowed to constitute a claim on the part of the whole community to special relief and charitable aid.

Then I would refer to the vexed question of foreign immigration. That the foreign element does displace to some extent native labour, I have no doubt. It is, however, impossible to deal with the question except in a separate article. Here I must be content to make these three observations.

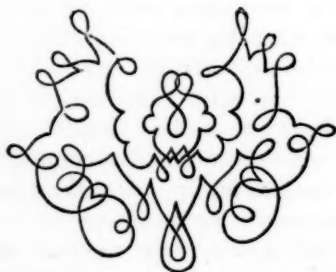
In the first place, we have no reliable information as to the number of foreign immigrants who have come into London during the last twelve months. Secondly, the argument issued by those very excellent people, the Jewish Board of Guardians, is inconclusive. It does not follow that because fewer poor Jews apply for relief, therefore fewer poor Jews come over from the Continent. And thirdly, I can testify to the fact that no quarter in those parts which has once been possessed by the Jews has ever reverted to the Gentiles, and that whole streets are now crowded with foreign Jews, in which there were not a score a few years ago. The nature of the competition, and the extent to

which it affects the employment of the Englishman, I cannot treat of here.

I would invite those who have the best interests of the working classes at heart to calmly consider how their general condition may be improved; I specially urge upon them the necessity of considering how to deal with exceptional distress when it comes. I know, I think, the mind of the respectable working men. I believe they deprecate, in their own interests, Mansion House Relief Funds and such-like expedients. In one district hardly one applicant for assistance from the last Mansion House Relief Fund was in a Benefit Club, or Provident Society. And I know that what the working men respect and value is the honest endeavour they see many making to ameliorate the condition of their circumstances by wise and well-considered social reforms. I do not think there is disintegration going on as formerly, separating class from class, and man from man. The rich and the poor are meeting together, and for better purpose than the mere giving and receiving of alms. A better understanding exists on both sides. Nothing will tend more to hinder this good work than the patronage of the undeserving, or the raising of strange expectations that cannot be fulfilled. Rather let us seek to deserve and win the confidence of the working men, and render them the assistance they have a right to expect in working out and achieving their own emancipation from all such evils as it is within the power of man to remedy.

R. C. BILLING.

The Rectory, Spitalfields.



A Message from the Dead.

MANY years have passed since the events I am about to narrate, yet I think it would be very surprising if they did not stand out in my mental retrospect more clearly than any in which in the course of all my later years I have directly taken part.

It was on my return to Aleppo, after a wandering excursion in some of the wilder regions of Asia Minor, that I found awaiting me a communication informing me of the somewhat sudden death of my elder and only brother, and of my consequent accession to a large but not very valuable property in the North. Though we were the last remaining scions, in the direct line, of our race, my brother and myself had met but seldom for many years. We were what the world, I suppose, would term eccentrics. On his part, he had withdrawn himself, before the time of middle age, from all concern with the practical things of our modern world, storing his head with the knowledge—useless, I fear, for the most part—of the ancients, and the cabinets and recesses of the old family mansion with a medley of the relics of ancient civilization and mediæval barbarism. But, of all his hobbies, that upon which he bestowed the best of his intellect and his affections, was a collection of ancient gems which I believe to be still without its rival in Europe. Some were inscribed with mystic characters, of which he alone pretended to decipher the meaning; some were purely ornamental, cut by the hand of cunning jewellers of the olden time; others were in the rough state in which they had been ravished from the earth thousands of years before.

This collection was as the very apple of his eye—the one precious thing on which he allowed his withered affections to concentrate themselves.

It was a sad life, and a lonely one—a life which, with all my

fraternal feeling towards him, I found it impossible to enter into and to share with him. The one trait we had in common was a restless intolerance of the conventionalities of society; and while my brother spent his time over the dead relics and musty legends of the past, I wandered and searched into many strange places of the world, where, I suspect, the foot of a European had never made its way before.

From this wandering life I found myself, for a while at least, recalled, by the aforesaid communication awaiting me at Aleppo, to the duties of an English landowner.

The letter bore a date now more than two months old. I had no time to lose in proceeding to take possession of my new kingdom. Who could say what troubles the law might not have fabricated for me in this interval?

And, of a truth, the law had been busy enough in my absence—not, indeed, as I had foreseen it, but under the alarming and morbidly exciting guise in which it fastens on the track of suspected crime. My poor brother's greatest care and pleasure had ever been in the scrupulous and exact cataloguing, according to an arrangement which was almost scientific, of his collection of precious gems. In the inventory there had appeared a no less careful description, under a separate heading, of "Duplicate and Superfluous Specimens." While the main collection had been found perfectly exact and intact, these "Duplicate and Superfluous Specimens" had vanished *en masse*. The strictest search had failed to throw any light upon their disappearance, and the only occurrence which suggested a clue was the coincident disappearance of my brother's servant, who had decamped but two days before his master's death without any previous announcement of an intention of so doing and without leaving any address or indication of his probable whereabouts.

In these circumstances, and in my own absence, our family solicitor had very sensibly taken upon himself to advertise a description of the jewels; whereof the result had been the arrest in Paris of my late brother's servant with some of the gems still in his possession, while others were restored by the various jewellers and collectors of curios to whom he had disposed of them; thus, nearly all the gems had been recovered, and the valet was undergoing *durance vile* in punishment for their abstraction. It is true he had denied the charge of theft—had asserted that he was acting on behalf of my brother and under his orders in selling the jewels, and that he was in the full

intention of loyally transmitting the purchase-money to my brother, had time been given him and my brother's life been spared; but this was deemed a fiction so transparent, in the light of the overwhelming probabilities on the other side, as to be scarcely worthy of serious consideration.

I was exceedingly sorry to hear of this young fellow's misbehaviour, for it happened that I took a peculiar interest in him. In the first place, he was the only son of a very old and respected family servant—one "old Forrester" by name—who had acted as bailiff on the estate during the latter part of my father's lifetime and during the whole of my brother's period of possession. He was a dear, kind old man, devoted body and soul to our interest, yet with not the heart to refuse the most preposterous demand of the most exorbitant tenant—in a word, the dearest old man and the worst servant in his capacity that you could wish to meet with. Then, as a lad, the son, too, had been such a bright, taking boy—and such a bad lot, too! But then he had reformed, it was said, and had married, and shortly after entering my brother's service had lost his wife—a loss which had affected him so deeply that, as my brother used to write to me, he often had fears for his reason or of his laying desperate hands on himself. And this was the end of it all—of his reformation, of the bitter lesson of his young wife's death, of his pious sorrow—that he had absconded from his master's death-bed with his master's jewels!

Nor was it enough that crime and the law had busied themselves within my house. In the interval between my brother's demise and my arrival, insatiable death had claimed another victim. One of old Forrester's two little grandchildren, daughters of the son who had so belied his promise, had succumbed to the same malignant disease which had cut down my poor brother. Our solicitor suggested "Drains"—whereupon old Forrester had sent off the surviving grandchild to the mother's people, while he and the solicitor uprooted the foundations of our old family mansion, and found the state of things not less deplorable than usual. By my arrival, all this trouble, also, had been got over. Old Forrester, who had been sleeping in the bedroom which he told me I was to occupy, went over to his own, a semi-detached, part of the house; and with the deaf old cook (who, with the exception of young Forrester, had been my brother's only indoor domestic), and my own travelling servant, I endeavoured to feel myself at home.

For some days I was occupied in looking over the curiosities which had filled so large a space in my brother's life, with a listless interest for which conscience sorely reproached me, and in learning the boundaries and disposition of my property, which I had either never known or had forgotten. I was thus thrown much into the company of old Forrester, and felt greatly drawn towards the old man by his grave courtesy of manner, stamping him one of Nature's gentlemen, and by his simple, touching reliance on the justice and goodness of that Providence which had sent him so many trials. Despite all the weight of the evidence, he would not believe in the guilt of his only son.

"Na, na," he would say; "Wattie would no have done such a thing as that. He was wild a wee, na doubt, or he had been once; but he would never go to steal anything or do anything underhand—that was no the nature of him. And he was fond of the Laird too, mind ye that, and he'd no have hurt a hair of the Laird's head, much less one of his jewels that he loved better'n his life. And since his wife died, Wattie's no cared about anything at all. Often and often I've heard him say he wished he was dead; and I was glad to see him come home the night for fear he might do something to himself; but Wattie knew it would be wrong to do that. Well, it's no likely that when the puir laddie was that way he'd be thinking to get riches for himself, let alone by stealing, and let alone it's being the Laird. Na, na; the evidence was strong—I'm no saying against it—and the jury'd no ken Wattie's nature as I kened it; but it was no in Wattie's nature to do that. I'm no rightly understanding it, nor why the Laird gave him no writing about it, nor why Wattie should have carried the jewels to Paris; but I'm thinking that it may be as Wattie said, that the Laird did no wish the jewels should be sold to an Englishman. He was verra jealous for his jewels, the Laird. He could na bear that another body should have the jewels that he had no himself."

I tried to lead the old man to another subject. It was quite painful to me to hear him speak so confidently of his faith in this erring son, when I could not but deem it so woefully misplaced.

The part of the house in which old Forrester slept was shut off from the rest of the building—that is to say, that it consisted merely of two rooms, a large and a small one, at the head of a separate wooden stair leading up from a passage which ran from the kitchen to the side-door of the house. At the foot of the

stair was a door going on to the aforesaid passage, and thus old Forrester's humble suite of apartments was quite shut off from the main building.

One night, after sitting late over some papers, I went into the garden to finish my cigar before going to bed. It was a lovely night, and I dawdled aimlessly along the grass-plot, when, on passing beneath old Forrester's window, I was intensely surprised to hear his voice, in conversation, apparently, with some person in his room. The window was open, and I could hear plainly every word.

"Can ye no speak? What ails ye, puir body?" he was saying. "Can ye no say what troubles ye, and be quiet?"

I awaited the answer with a curiosity of which I felt quite ashamed—a curiosity which was but piqued the more when no answer came to his appeal.

Then, after a pause, I heard old Forrester again, in the same plaintive, almost beseeching, tones as before:

"Can ye no say what ails ye, puir body? Puir thing!"

And then again all was silence.

What could it mean? I asked myself. Could he be speaking to a dog or a cat? To the best of my knowledge, he had no such animal in the room with him. Possibly he might be talking in his sleep; but though I had heard many sleep-talkers, I had never heard one with so distinct articulation.

I waited a few minutes longer beneath the window—as I, perchance, had no right to do—and then, hearing no more, went to bed with the resolve of questioning old Forrester on the matter on the morrow.

"Do you sleep with a dog or a cat in your room?" I asked him next morning.

"Na, na, Laird. What for do ye ask that?"

"Well then, my old friend, let me tell you that you are the best talker in your sleep I ever heard in my life;" and then I told him what I had overheard the night before.

A troubled look came over his face.

"Na, na, Laird," said he; "it's no talking in my sleep I was. I've been minded to tell ye this while back, but I scarcely liked to trouble ye about it. Eh, there's a puir body that's sair unhappy comes about that room—eh, sair unhappy!"

"Do you mean to say somebody comes up into your room at night?" I asked vaguely.

"Aye, just that," said old Forrester.

"But, bless me, man! isn't the door at the foot of the staircase locked? Besides, the fellow'd have to get into the house itself first."

"Eh, Laird," said he, with a half-smile; "it's no a thing that locks and doors 'll keep out. It's just the spirit of some puir body that's unhappy and canna get his rest in the grave," he added, with a simplicity that was wonderfully impressive.

"But, man alive!" I said to him, "do you mean to tell me you have seen a ghost there?"

"Maist certainly it is a ghost, Laird, if it please ye to call it so," said he, with a quiet conviction that carried with it a rebuke; "but I have no *seen* a ghost there, though I've *heard* things there, Laird, that neither yourself nor any other body 'll tell me was the work of a living man."

I began to be a little reassured. Old Forrester's manner had almost led me to believe that he really had seen something that it might be hard to account for by natural causes. The sense of hearing, however, is much more open to delusion than that of sight.

"Oh, it's only what you've *heard*, is it?" I said lightly. "Well, what did you hear?"

Rather, I must confess, to my disappointment, what he had to tell me amounted to much the same as the common run of those spiritual visitations which haunt the Christmas Annuals and the schoolboy's dormitory, and which that fertile story-teller, Mr. Ben Trovato, founds upon the skurrying of rats, or the dropping of water, or the passage of a snail along the window-pane. I mean, that old Forrester told me the usual thing about having heard a step ascend the stairs to his room, enter the room without opening the door, and, without vouchsafing any answers to his inquiries as to the purpose of its invisible visit, descend the stairs again, and vanish through the still closed door at the bottom.

I was disappointed with old Forrester, and I told him so. He did not appear offended by my incredulity—only sorry.

The next day I said to him:

"Well, Forrester, did you hear anything of your ghost last night?"

"Aye, Laird," said he, quite quietly. "It happened the very same as before."

I was a little staggered, I must confess. I had hoped that my derision—expressed, I am afraid, in no very gentle terms—might have acted as a tonic on the old man's nerves.

The morning after I again repeated my inquiry. Again he answered that the occurrences of the preceding nights had exactly reproduced themselves.

I felt that it was getting somewhat beyond a joke. The old man must have heard *something* to account for his strange persistence. Could any one be playing him a trick? I asked myself. But if so, of what nature? And who could be the author of it? The deaf old cook and my own travelling servant I deemed quite above suspicion, and there was no other living soul but myself in the house. I took counsel with myself, and then, summoning old Forrester, I said, I hope without a tremor in my voice:

"Look here, Forrester—I mean to have this matter explained. To-night, if you please, we will change bedrooms. You shall occupy the room I have been sleeping in, and I will take a turn with your ghostly visitor."

Forrester made no objection to the proposed arrangement. Indeed, I could see that he gladly acquiesced in it. Without saying so, in so many words, he had made me feel that he was hurt by my unconcealed incredulity.

Accordingly, soon after eleven o'clock the following night, I armed myself with my bedroom candle and a box of matches, and, passing through the door at the bottom of the little staircase, locked it, put the key in my pocket, and shut myself off from all material intercourse with the outside world.

Though in my own mind I regarded the whole matter as sufficiently ridiculous, I nevertheless determined to take all the precautions in my power to prevent myself from being made the victim of a possible hoax. My first care, naturally enough, was to make a thorough examination of the two rooms at the head of the stairs, and, having satisfied myself that there was no living corporeal creature, at least of size worth considering, present in these rooms besides myself, I set to work on a task of a perhaps fanciful, but certainly laborious, nature.

I had brought with me in my pocket a paper of pins and a reel of thread. I began sticking the pins in a certain order into the woodwork of the stairs. I worked from the bottom stair upward, sticking the first pin into the right-hand corner of the outside edge of the bottom step, the next in the left-hand corner of the next step, then back again to the right of the next step, and so on. As I stuck in the pins, I laced the thread in and out upon them until, when I had reached the top, there was a regular criss-cross pattern all the way up the stairs. It had been hard work, and

when I had finished I heaved a great sigh of relief. I stood on the landing, looking down upon my ingenious handiwork with some little pride.

"No human creature," I said to myself, "hardly even a cat, could pick its way up those steps without disarranging that intricate pattern."

Just as I made this reflection I heard a sound—a footfall—at the bottom of the stairs. The door at the bottom was locked and bolted, and it had not opened; yet the footfall I had heard had been within the door!

As my mind, quick as thought, jotted off these salient points, I heard another footfall—then another—nearer me this last, ascending—there was no doubt of it—ascending the stairs. And yet I could see no one!

And yet the criss-cross pattern was not disturbed!

Again came the pat of the footfall, and again—in regular gradation: not loud footfalls, nor yet stealthy footfalls—just the ordinary footfalls of a person leisurely ascending the stairs—only I could see no one! And the threads were not in the slightest disarranged!

I held my candle high above my head, that its intervening light should not spoil my vision, and peered most intently down the stairs. No—nothing!

On the evidence of one of my senses, I could cheerfully have gone into a court of law and *sworn* that there was a person ascending those stairs; on the evidence of another sense, there was no living thing upon those stairs at all!

I stood there motionless, expectant, I knew not of what, while still the footsteps came up. My eyes glued themselves upon the stair on which the next footstep was to—yes, *was* treading. The evidence of the one sense was so vivid, it almost supplied the absence of the evidence of the other: I almost *saw* the foot descend as I waited for it to fall—till, yes, it fell. Yet, no—I did not see it, nor did it disturb the pattern of the threads.

As the person reached the top step, an involuntary instinct—just that of common politeness, I presume—made me draw back to give room to pass. I felt a faint stir in the air, and the flame of the candle flickered gently, as the footsteps passed me. Then I heard a very gentle, sighing, derisive "Ha, ha, ha!" on the landing behind me—and that was all.

What *could* it be? I do not know if you will believe me when I say I was not frightened; but I really do not think I was—as yet.

For a minute or so I stood there, with every nerve at its utmost tension. Then, hearing nothing, I turned away, and, going into my room, locked my door and bolted it. Even in the act I reflected on the uselessness of precautions of this nature against such an intruder as had already partially revealed its presence to me.

As I put this thought into unspoken words, I heard in the room behind me a sound, that was scarcely a voice, say quietly, "Humph!"

It was just such an exclamation as a person would have made on hearing another give utterance to an opinion which coincided with his own. It struck me as a comment on my own unspoken reflection on the value of my locks and bolts.

I turned sharply round; but there was no evidence that I was not alone in the room. Then I said, with a sense of the ridiculous nature of the question which involuntarily drew from me a short hysterical laugh:

"Would you be good enough to tell me if there is anybody there?"

I addressed myself to vacancy; and I must confess to a feeling of relief at finding myself unanswered.

I made some pencil notes of what had befallen me; and, after stoking up my fire into a cheerful blaze, and placing my candle and matches on a chair by my bedside, I undressed, got into bed, and, after a short but severe struggle with my nerves, put out my candle.

To any one who has experienced—and who has not?—the strange inexplicable noises that emphasise themselves on the silence of the night in an old house, even when there is no reasonable expectation, so to speak, of a ghostly visitor, it will not seem surprising that I found myself quite unable to get to sleep. Spite of all, however, I was at length beginning to fancy I felt drowsy, when, all in a moment, I heard the same quiet but unmistakable footfalls moving about the room.

"Who's there?" I called sharply, starting up in bed and looking into the room, which was sufficiently lighted by the blazing fire for me to have distinguished a cat moving across it.

At the sound of my voice the footfalls ceased abruptly; but no answer came.

I kept silence, holding my very breath in the intensity of my listening; and in a minute or so the footfalls began again.

"Who's there?" I again cried; and again the footsteps ceased.

I lay, scarcely breathing, waiting in painful silence for them to recommence. After what seemed a long while, they did so. This time I did not interrupt them, but continued to listen as they moved towards the fire in a leisurely methodical manner that was intensely trying to my excited nerves. Then I heard a little double-shuffle, such as a man makes with his feet before he sits down ; and then a gentle sound like the sigh with which a wearied person sinks into a chair ; and that was all.

There was no doubt about it : the thing was sitting in that arm-chair by the fire.

Now, I had noticed that one of the castors was off this chair. When no one was in it, it stood on the three remaining castors ; but when one sat down in it, one castor was tilted in the air and the chair rested on two castors and the woodwork of the broken leg. I was curious to see the position of the chair just now. I could not see this for a certainty by the flickering brightness of the fire. My fingers, I am ashamed to say, trembled so that I could scarcely strike a match to light my candle. When at length I succeeded, the first act of the flame was to run down along the wick almost to nothingness. With smothered impatience I held it over my head, while slowly the wax melted and the flame gradually gained strength ; and there—yes !—at first a suspicion, then a certainty—the chair was resting on two castors and the woodwork !

There was some one sitting in that arm-chair.

And yet there was not !

I looked at the chair with a sort of horrid fascination. I crept out of bed, at length—I must admit it—fairly and sorely frightened. Steadily keeping my eye on the chair, with its invisible occupant, I moved towards the fire. I sat down on another chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug, and there I remained, steadily gazing at the arm-chair, with the invisible presence opposite me.

At length I again repeated my inane question :

“Would you be so good as to tell me if there is anybody there ?”

Of course no answer came. Of course my question was in itself ridiculous enough ; but I need hardly assure you that I felt by no means disposed to view dispassionately the ridiculous side of my position. Indeed, my frame of mind must have been most curious ; for while the dread, which I could not reason myself out of, was certainly the master emotion of which

I was conscious, I can nevertheless remember that the strangest and even the most puerile fancies passed through my thoughts. It even occurred to me to speculate on what would happen were I to seat myself in the same arm-chair—should I feel any obstacle, or should I be successful in achieving what I presume would be the unique distinction of having sat on, or in, a ghost? The possibility even of going behind the chair and tilting that invisible thing out of it suggested itself to me, though I was far too greatly impressed by the reverence we naturally accord to what is incomprehensible to us to entertain any definite idea of putting such a scheme in practice.

I only note these childish thoughts to indicate the queer phases through which my sorely-tried reason must have passed during that never-to-be-forgotten *tête-à-tête*.

After a while I went to the table and scribbled some more notes in my diary, taking considerable credit to myself the while for so doing, with that unseen thing, as I felt, watching me. Then I put some more coals on the fire—instinctively murmuring, "I beg your pardon!" to the occupant of the arm-chair, when a large coal fell with a good deal of noise into the fender—and then again got into bed; but this time kept my candle burning.

For a while I fixed my eyes intently on the tilted chair, but at length found myself, even under these sufficiently trying circumstances, beginning almost to forget the mysterious presence that was sharing my vigil, when suddenly a gentle sigh at once recalled me to what it seems almost folly to speak of as the "realities" of my situation. Glancing at the chair, I saw that it was now standing in its normal position when unoccupied—on three castors.

The thing must be standing up by the fire, I inferred; for I had not heard it move, and I literally could hear my heart beat as I asked myself what that next move would be.

Ah! there was the quiet footfall again—coming, coming nearer! Yes, indeed it was! Nearer—nearer still! It was at the foot of the bed now. One, two steps nearer—and then silence.

The thing was standing over me! I could hardly bear it.

Then my intent hearing caught an indefinable sound of something, hardly a rustle, yet a something—a something which the candle acknowledged by a gentle flicker.

What was "it" doing now?

All at once a warm breath fell upon my face—"it" must have bent down over me and be looking closely into my face!

It was the climax. I could endure no longer.

With a shriek I clutched at the air before me—vainly, for the evidence of sight was confirmed by the sense of touch—my hand met no resistance—there was nothing! With a hopeless moan I fell back upon the bed and lay cowering in a paroxysm of shuddering terror. I lay so, it may have been for minutes, it may have been for half an hour, I do not know—and then I heard the footfalls move away with the same measured pace—move across the room—yes, thank heaven! they went towards the door. The door did not open; but I heard the footsteps upon the other side—heard them slowly descend the stairs.

Then, in a moment, I recovered myself. I rushed to the door, unlocked it, as the footsteps died away through the door at the foot of the stairs, and, candle in hand, gazed down.

The threads in their criss-cross pattern were untouched; the door at the bottom was still bolted.

What *did* it mean? I groaned aloud in my helplessness and bewilderment and terror, and, quite worn out, went back and threw myself on my bed, where I slept a dreamless sleep until I awoke the next morning with the broad sunshine streaming in through the windows.

I made a hurried toilet and came down-stairs, where I found old Forrester quietly awaiting me.

"Forrester," said I, "will you forgive me? I have done you a great wrong. I have been through such an experience in that room last night as I would not have believed had the man whose word I most respect in the world told it to me. Nay, more than that, I can hardly ask you to shake hands with me in proof of your forgiveness—you have proved yourself so greatly more courageous a man than I, who pride myself on my coolness in danger. There, I cannot find words to express it," I said, quite breaking down under a sense of my own inferiority to this simple, uncultured, untravelled old man, who was strong in his utter faith in a Power higher than himself watching over him.

"Were ye frightened, Laird?" said he, taking my proffered hand with a respect that but added poignancy to the wound my self-esteem was suffering. "There was nought to frighten a body. But the puir soul's sair troubled, I'm thinking! But maybe he would have answered ye? Did he tell ye what was troubling him?" he asked eagerly.

"No—not a word, Forrester," I said; and then I told him, as accurately as I could, all that had taken place, which, by his nods and exclamations of recognition, I perceived to be a pretty accurate reproduction of his own experiences.

Well, explain it of course we could not. For my own part, I may almost say that I did not try to explain it, so instantaneously had I to reject, as utterly inadequate, every hypothesis that for a moment suggested itself to me. Old Forrester had, indeed, his own explanation, if it may be called so. In his view it was the visitation of an unquiet spirit seeking the scenes with which it had been familiar on earth. But could I cast away all my preconceived ideas, and admit such a possibility as this?

I can hardly tell you, even now, whether I went so far as that at that time or not.

I do not think—I may say, without boasting, that I have proved it—that I am a greater coward than the majority. Nevertheless, I do not think any sum of money would have tempted me to risk a repetition of that night in the room at the top of the staircase. Old Forrester, on the contrary, on my expressing my determination to return to my own bedroom, at once announced his intention of returning to the chamber which was favoured by these unaccountable visits. Nothing I could say, short of positive injunctions, could have restrained him; and, indeed, in the presence of his simple fearlessness, I was ashamed to give full expression to the unreasoning terrors which the hard logic of my own materialistic philosophy was quite powerless to combat.

That night, therefore, he slept in his old bedroom, and again went through the same experiences—with regard, that is, to all audible sensations, though they affected the emotional side of his nature so little—as I had done myself.

The day following, the house being now held safe from all infection or danger from the old system of non-drainage, little Susie, the one grandchild that old Forrester still had left him, came back to us. She was a winning-faced little thing, with features of delicate beauty, and the brightest of fair golden hair which fell about her shoulders and made a pathetic contrast to the garb of mourning she wore in memory of poor little Mary, her elder sister and her playmate, who had been so suddenly taken out of her life.

"Eh, Laird," said old Forrester, as we stood watching the child playing in the garden—"eh, it's a hard matter, Laird, to under-

stand it—the workings of Providence. What harm can ever yon puir wee thing have done to living soul that she should grow up in the world with never a mother, and with worse than no father! Puir Wattie! And now, to have lost little Mary too! She'll no understand for a while yet how it is with her father, puir bairnie; but she kens fine that she's no to see Mary any more. It's hard to ken, Laird, how much a child understands of these things at all; but I just said to myself, I said, If Susie's going to take on about Mary as Wattie did when his wife died, I just canna bear it! That's just what I said to myself, Laird; and it's truth—I couldna! But Susie was good, mind ye that; I'm thinking she kenned Who it came from, and a child's memory's short (though Susie, I'm thinking, minds more than most), and it's a merciful thing it is so."

I liked to hear him talk on, in his slow way, in the curious phraseology born of the grafting of a rudimentary culture on a severe Border dialect.

"Where's Susie going to sleep?" I asked the old man, after a pause. (I ought to say that, since their mother's death, old Forrester had constituted himself sole nurse to Mary and Susan, and had looked to their well-being with a care that no wages could have bought.)

"Eh, and where should she sleep, Laird, but just in the old room with myself, where she and Mary, puir wee bairn! have always slept?"

"What!" said I. "You'll have her sleep where *that thing* comes! No, no—you can't do that! You mustn't let her sleep there, Forrester!"

"And what harm will it be doing her?" old Forrester asked, almost rebukingly. "She's gotten nothing on her conscience, puir bairn! that it should trouble her, or any spirit have power to do her hurt. Na, na; by your leave, Laird, Susie'll just sleep with her old grandfather, where she and Mary's always slept."

What was I to say? Could I, as head of my house, allow this child to pass the night in a chamber where such fearsome doings were wrought nightly? Yet how, on the other hand, was I, who was no kith or kin to them, to go against the will, thus expressed, of the child's grandfather and natural guardian? I spent the rest of the day battling with myself between these two opinions, and ended, as one is so prone to do, in letting the matter slide—in letting old Forrester have his own way, and in

eventually going to bed with sore misgivings whether in so doing I had acted rightly.

I cannot have been asleep an hour, when I awoke—rather, I should say, I suddenly found myself awake and sitting up in bed and listening, wondering what it was that had thus awakened me. Then, in a moment, I heard it again—the sound which I then recognised as the cause of my waking: it was a sobbing, a wailing, as of a little child. As I listened, it sank away into silence; then broke out again—not in the room—somewhere on the staircase outside, as I conjectured.

My nerves were all in a tremble—with excitement, I think, rather than with fear—as I opened my bedroom door and looked out. The door gave directly upon the staircase, at the first-floor landing. The night was clear, and through the skylight shed a sufficient light upon the staircase.

As I looked upward and downward, in the still silence, I saw nothing. Then again, right above my head, broke out the agonised sobbing.

I hastened up the stairs, and, as I gained the top landing, I saw the cause. There before me, in her little white night-dress, was Susie—Susie, with her golden hair streaming back over her shoulders—Susie, clinging to the handle of the door of an old attic-room which I knew to be locked, wringing away at the handle, thrusting her tiny weight against the obdurate door, trying with all her might to force her way into the locked room!

“Susie!” I said.

At the sound of my voice she stopped her wailing and looked round at me with wide-opened, startled eyes. Then, after a moment, the sobs recommenced, and she turned and fought once more with the unyielding door—but this time in a half-hearted manner, as if her attention was partly distracted by my presence.

“Susie!” I said again; and again she desisted from her sobbing and her useless efforts, and allowed me to take her up, unresisting, in my arms.

All at once she struggled, and turned to look towards the closed door again.

“Mary wants me!” she wailed out, and her sobs recommenced; gradually they quieted again, then again broke out; and finally, of very weariness, the little girl dropped asleep in my arms.

Very gently I carried her down-stairs, along the passage, through the door at the foot of the detached stair (old Forrester

did not even trouble himself to lock that door now) and up to her room—at the door of which I met old Forrester, who had apparently just discovered his grandchild's absence, arrayed in flannel nightshirt and nightcap—a sufficiently grotesque figure—just starting out to look for her.

We laid the little girl, still sleeping, in her 'bed ; and, after rating old Forrester in a stage whisper for not keeping better ward over his grand-daughter, I went back to my own rooms, vowing, with conscious impotence, that on the morrow I would get a full explanation of the mysterious doings that were rendering my inheritance so troublous a one.

In the morning my first act was to send for Forrester.

"What happened to Susie last night ?" I asked, with burning curiosity. "What did she tell you ?"

"Eh, *puir bairnie*, she's just forgotten everything about it," was his most disappointing answer. "When I asked her, she said she'd just had a fine night, and no dreams at all, she said. Might I make bold to ask ye, Laird, where was it that ye found her ?"

I told Forrester, as accurately as I could, all the circumstances. He followed me with intensest interest, and, as I repeated the child's words, "Mary wants me," gave a start, and, during the rest of my short narrative, was evidently thinking deeply.

"Laird," he said, when I had finished, "I have the key of yon attic-room. Would ye be so kind as come with me the while I unlock the door, and see if maybe there's something there will give us an explanation ? It was their playroom, ye'll ken—Mary's and Susie's—but it's been locked up since the quest was for the jewels ; and I'm no saying for certain, mind, but maybe there'll be something in there will give us a light to it all."

Though I had little hope of any useful result, I of course at once consented to accompany the old man in satisfying his curiosity.

We unlocked the door, and entered the room. It was dusty and musty. An old box, which was quite empty, and a broken chair, were its only furniture. Old Forrester looked about him for a few minutes ; then he said, sadly :

"Na, na ; there is nothing. Ah, well, there's no harm done. It was just an old man's fancy, ye'll ken ;" and, putting the key in his pocket without troubling to re-lock the door, he went mournfully from the room and down-stairs.

All this mystery was very wearing. I spent my day, to all

outward appearance, engaged in ordinary occupations ; but every minute of it my thoughts were really busied with the vain effort of seeking some meaning out of all these problems. I felt that I was getting ill, and proposed to myself, failing some speedy satisfactory explanation, to leave my new home, short time though I had occupied it, and try the tonic of rest and change.

When we went to bed that night, we seemed not the least bit nearer a solution than we had ever been. I had again expostulated with old Forrester on allowing the little girl to sleep in that chamber which was so fraught with mysteries—and, for me, with terrors—but I had once again been overborne by the old man's entreating, with a persistence I could not catch the meaning of, for "one night more."

That night I did not go to sleep for more than an hour, wondering—though I vainly tried to distract my thoughts—what the night would bring forth ; a night that should be quite unproductive of mysteries, I was almost ceasing to look forward to. I was at length beginning to please myself with the fancy that I was getting sleepy, when I heard, somewhere in the house, the sound of an opening door.

Rushing to the door of my bedroom, I hastily but noiselessly threw it open. Again the clear starlight shone through the glass cupola, and again I could see nothing, either up or down the stairs. But I heard a footfall down below me crossing the front hall. Then it fell, scarcely more muffled, on the poor thin carpet of the staircase ; and, as I looked—though I still saw nothing on the staircase—I perceived a little white figure come pattering, barefoot, across the hall.

It was Susie ; but they were not Susie's footfalls that I had heard—and still heard, quietly coming up the stairs towards me. Similar footfalls they were to those I had heard in the room by the detached stair. They came closer up the stairs to me ; and still the person who made the footfalls was invisible.

Then, of a sudden I caught sight of old Forrester, in his strange night-gear, following Susie across the hall. I stood spell-bound by the spectacle of this strange procession at midnight in my own house—the footfalls without any visible occasion, then white-robed Susie, then old Forrester !

As I stood there, motionless, Forrester caught sight of me. He raised his hand to implore my silence ; but he had no need ; for the life of me I would not have uttered a word to interrupt the mysterious drama.

As the footfalls came level with my bedroom door, Susie's voice broke piteously forth: "The playroom's locked, Mary; we can't get into the playroom!"

Still the footfalls went on up the stairs. Susie came opposite me. As if it was all the most natural thing in the world, she looked quietly up into my face, and "Mary wants me," she said, as if in apology for not staying to say more to me, and went on perseveringly following the footfalls up the stairs.

"Come!" whispered Forrester to me, as, in his turn, he came to where I was standing.

We followed, with beating hearts, close after the child thus mysteriously guided. The footfalls led into the attic-room. The door did not open; but we heard the footfalls inside. Susie seized the handle of the door, with an exclamation of delight as it yielded to her push, and went without hesitation across the room.

Simultaneously with the ceasing of the footfalls at the opposite wall, she fell on her knees on the floor, detached a loosened piece of wainscoting, and, diving into the recess behind it, brought out an armful of childish toys. A white envelope fluttered to the ground as she rose. She looked around with a face of dismay. "Where's Mary gone?" she asked.

I stood for a moment at a loss for words of consolation, in my bewilderment at the strange scene at which I was assisting.

Suddenly Forrester gave an exclamation between a shout of joy and an hysterical laugh. He had taken a paper from the unsealed envelope which had fallen to the ground.

"Memorandum of Duplicate and Superfluous Specimens to be sold by Walter Forrester in Paris," it was headed, in my brother's hand. And then followed a long and tedious list of the jewels and curios, with the values at which each was estimated affixed.

A mere scrap of paper! Yet a scrap that meant honour, liberty, all that makes life worth living, to a wronged man—to that son in whose honesty the old father had always believed with so noble a faith!

And how had it come there? And how had it been rediscovered?

"Mary! Where's Mary?" little Susie repeated.

Yes—Mary. Little Susie gave us the answer. Was it not Mary who had been about my poor brother's bedside, where she had contracted the deadly fever which had cut off her young

life? Had it not been Mary to whom my brother had entrusted this carelessly drawn-up memorandum, with little foreknowledge of the vital importance of which it was one day to prove? Was it not Mary who, in her childish forgetfulness, possibly with the heaviness of her illness already stealing upon her, had laid away the precious missive in the secret snuggery where the children kept their little Lares and Penates? Mary who had come back from the dead to rectify the cruel consequences of her trivial sin of omission?

Such at least was old Forrester's explanation. From the very first moment that he heard of Susie's exclamation to me, "Mary wants me," he had had an inkling of it; and that visit of inspection to the attic-room was but a futile attempt to verify his idea.

Reader, I have no better explanation to offer you.

"Where's Mary?" little Susie had asked; but Mary had not come back to play with the childish things of earth. We had to take Susie back to bed, and soothe her to sleep; but never again did little Mary's footfalls trouble the rest of my household, nor did she again visibly reveal herself to her sister's, or any other's eyes.

With that strange and often enviable facility with which children forget all that has happened in their waking intervals of the night, Susie had next morning forgotten everything about the drama in which she had taken so important a part but a few hours before; and it was not until many years later that she learnt the marvellous story of how she had been made the means of rescuing her father from the doom of a felon.

About the date that Walter Forrester was restored to his honourable, if humble, position among his fellows, I find the following note among the entries in my journal:—

"Presuming that in the life after death there is memory of the life on earth—as, indeed, there of necessity is, since otherwise how can future happiness or its reverse be intelligibly spoken of as reward or punishment?—on this presumption, may we not reasonably further suppose that the thoughts of the spirit, after death, will be greatly concerned with the things that have gone before in this life? In such a case, therefore, as that of little Mary Forrester, may it not well be that, having committed a trivial offence in the non-delivery of the memorandum, which had doubtless been entrusted to her by my poor brother to be given to his servant Walter, she, in the light of the clearer perception

which came to her spirit when freed from its clogging mortal tenement, may have come to realise, deeply and distressfully, the cruel trouble which her little sin of omission while on earth had been the means of bringing upon her father? Is it not more than likely that she would over and over again have pictured herself going up the familiar staircase into the room where Susie slept, and telling her of the precious missive hidden away amongst their childish treasures? May she not have longed and longed to be there until, in some way, occult to us, she really, in her spirit-nature, *was* there?—that there, to us, old Forrester and myself, she could but reveal herself in the partial imperfect manner in which but one of our gross senses, that of hearing, could take cognisance of her presence? She would even have thought of herself as attracting the attention, by the sound of her footsteps only, of all save that one to whom she was most anxious to address herself, her little sister Susie, with whom doubtless, in life, that in her which we call ‘sympathy’ had worked in closer communion than with any other being—sympathy which, more than any other feeling of which we are conscious, reveals the possibilities of intercourse between the hidden natures of ourselves and others. May it not have been, therefore, that to Susie alone she was able to reveal herself in such manner as to be able to execute the purpose for which, under a dispensation which is rarely vouchsafed, she was permitted to make herself manifest to human senses on earth?”

Thus the note in my diary. In a measure this hypothesis, which is a form of statement of the doctrine of thought-transference from the dead to the living, seems fairly adequate. Yet I cannot but feel that there were circumstances in the mysterious visitations which, even if we could bring ourselves fully to accept it, it would fail to satisfy. How could it have been that the flickering flame of the candle should have recognised such a purely mental presence? How could I have felt that warm breath upon my face? Did not that sighing derision, as all my precautions were eluded upon the stairs, imply a knowledge both of those precautions and of my presence?

I cannot concede that these were but the work of my excited fancy; nor, again, can I find an explanation for them in the theory of thought-transference from the spirit-nature to my own. In our limited human capacity we can but fall back, after all, upon Hamlet’s impotent conclusion, that there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

On a Canadian Salmon River.



II.

BEHOLD our party at breakfast sharp seven next day, seated under a fly tent open on two sides. A mile of charming picture lay framed before me as I leaned on the little camp table, and ate hot beans from a tin plate. Gaily the clear olive water flashed and sparkled, as it glanced away far and near, tossing in low rapids, curling in swift eddies, now swaying softly under reaches of fern-clothed banks, now rippling wide over pebbled beaches, breaking everywhere into a loud glad hum, as it sang and danced to the music of a sweet silence.

Nothing else stirred. Far above us a circle of leafy battlements lay motionless against the deep speckless blue, and set river, rapids, greenwood, brook and camp in a frame of wild forest beauty. Over all glowed the inexpressible charm of freshness and sunny lustre, of breadth, freedom, solitude and repose. Our very voices seemed profane here, and when "Peter," our valued "chef," suddenly appeared, bearing aloft a long peeled wand, on which several hot pieces of crisp toast were strung, and a jug of coffee, I should have felt his intrusion to be sheer desecration had I not been so desperately hungry. Presently a bark canoe glided into the picture, an Indian guide at either end gently parting the water with noiseless lazy paddle, as they rounded towards our strip of sandy beach, and, kneeling motionless, steadied the slight thing with paddle-blades just turned enough to hold in the shallows. Not Indians, be it understood, in war-paint and feathers, but domesticated red men in coarse garments of European build—men who are devout members of the Roman Church, baptized Oscar and Joe respectively, and hailing not from forest or prairie, but from the Mission Reserve at Campbellton near Metapedia. Genuine Indians, however, all the same, the characteristics of their race

still preserved wonderfully intact—stolid, silent, deft, watchful, ready ; signs of their old stately pride and endurance visible still in a cold passive indifference, and shy, almost scornful, yet clumsy air—signs also in their gloomy faces of that Indian fierceness showing itself in the blood and carnage that makes horrible much of this continent's early history, and which only two years ago, Canada learned had not wholly disappeared from among this wild people, which civilization is fast "improving" off the face of the earth altogether.

Next arrived the Superintendent, fresh from his own beans and coffee in the hut across the brook, in his hand a long light rod. From the breast-pocket of his Norfolk jacket peeped an old stained book for flies ; a low-crowned grey felt hat, wound about with muslin folds, covered his grizzled hair ; ancient kid gloves, minus fingers, sewn at the wrist to a shirt-sleeve, were drawn to his elbow, and he stepped out freely in wide canvas shoes ; but for rod and gloves, a country gentleman going forth to inspect his stock. Of fly-garlanded hats, smart fishing-suits, musquito-veils, "swell" tackle, glossy rods, and anything approaching to "shop" or show, this knowing old angler had a horror unfeigned. "That sort of nonsense never kills a fish," he had confidently remarked to me yesterday, and now as I stepped forth to meet him, it was with a hope that my loosely-fitting grey gown (drenched in last night's shower, and not quite dry yet) would pass muster ; and though a musquito-veil, fastened securely round my old straw hat, and confined about my collar-bone with an elastic string, testified to a weak but natural dread of sandflies and musquitos, I hoped—and not in vain—that the general unaffected shabbiness of my appearance would meet his approval.

Clearly it is my fate to enjoy life most of all when seated on an empty candle-box ! As I stepped into the canoe, lo ! one of small size was wedged close to a delicate "thwart." Being so instructed, I took my place thereon, and felt, of course, quite at home. For a moment the Restigouche—the camp—the Indians, faded away, and once more swift memory led me tearing across the delicious valleys of the Columbia, and below the snowy summits of the Rockies, on the never-to-be-forgotten Cowcatcher of the C.P.R.

Now my companion was also seated in the canoe, and the guides, standing erect in bow and stern, struck forward with their long light poles, and swept us smoothly alongshore up

stream. On we glided, to gain a wide sunlit stretch of water, where framed in lower banks and edged with wide grassy plateaux dotted with fine elms, the Patapedia, flowing through forty miles of unbroken forest, falls into the Restigouche, their united waters forming a curious variety of deeps and shallows, eddies, ripples, and very still pools, where salmon love to congregate and lie, reflecting perhaps on the troubles and perplexities of the salmon world, before passing on to their breeding-grounds miles and miles above.

Before we reached this our destination, however, a little incident had made me a trifle less confident as to the chance of killing a salmon. Twice in our three-mile voyage hither I had seen a large fish leap out like a silvery flash, to disappear next moment below the water. And at a point near an eddy, a canoe lay anchored, wherein I descried an elderly gentleman in spectacles and a long white coat, seated in a low chair placed in the canoe, trying diligently to "cast."

Now the correct thing, of course, is to cast standing, but when the fisherman is an amateur, the canoe small and narrow, the water deep and rapid, it generally follows that correctness yields to expediency, and the novice is seated on a low chair or an empty candle-box, as the case may be. In this case my friend in the chair was evidently very uncomfortable. However, I begged to stop while I looked across the space of sunny water, hoping the distance was not so great as to prevent my getting a hint from the fisherman whose vain but desperate struggles with rod and line we could now plainly see. For variety and complexity of contortion that line was unequalled! Now it huddled up, then it huddled down; first it splashed, rod-tip and all, helplessly into the water; next it flung wildly upward, as if salmon lived in the sky; here it swerved unsteadily towards shore, there it lay straggling confusedly over the water, always falling just where it was not intended to go, with a feverish haste that splashed the fly like a pebble, and sent the water dancing in ripples far and near!

I watched all this with forebodings all too soon realized. Fishing was evidently more difficult than I had expected to find it; still I gazed, hoping to see perseverance crowned with deserved success, when I beheld my old gentleman rise carefully to his feet, and, making a supreme effort, hurl his casting-line round the only boulder within sight, and lurch backwards over his chair, while the rod slipped nimbly into the river and chased,

butt landwards, after the imprisoned fly! Though too far off to see their faces, I wondered if the stoical guides refrained from a grin at an accident which made me laugh so unfeelingly. Later, however, as we went on our way, I was somewhat reassured by meeting with a more successful fisherman, whom the Superintendent hailed as his canoe sped by, and with whom we had a little talk. He had killed eleven fine salmon in a few days, and was now bound for a camp down river with his last prize, in hopes of finding some one going to the Metapedia Club House who would take his big fish thither for further transportation in ice. With pardonable pride he now lifted the cool fern leaves covering it, and, lying in the canoe, we beheld a great white beauty of a salmon, fresh run and of 38 lbs. weight, upon which the victor gazed with a pleased tenderness, such as a man might show as he looked on his firstborn!

"Yonder," said Oscar, as he slipped his pole backward into the canoe, seated himself on the bow, then took up the paddle, and, with Joe similarly co-operating, shot us forward into the sunshine. "Yonder, best place." Arrived "yonder," half-way to mid-stream at Patapedia, Joe adroitly slipped his anchor (a large stone tied to a short rope cable) into the glancing water—water so clear that ten feet below the yellow light glowed bright on smooth round stones—and without further delay we proceeded to business.

Rising slowly to his feet my companion tied on a fly, plucked out several lengths of line from his neat well-used reel, threw lightly back his seventeen feet of unpolished hickory rod, and, with apparently no more effort than if he had been trying a horsewhip, sent the delicate cast dropping straight on the pool as deftly and softly as if blown thither by a little gust of air. With gentle, almost coaxing, movement he let the feathered fly move round with the current, then drew it forth, turned, and, with another slight backward motion, stretched it easily on the other side, making a complete semicircle as the fly floated round to within a few inches of the spot it had touched before. A little more line, more casts always in a half-circle and further away, until the last one flew half across the river and seemed to lose itself in the sparkling air. "In this way," the fisherman was now saying, "in this way the whole pool is evenly covered, every salmon in it can see the fly and——" Ha! a tiny jerk—a whiz—out spun the merry reel while Joe hurried in the anchor, both men fell to their paddles, and the Superintendent,

cool as a cucumber, holding firm his rod with uplifted tip, prepared to play the large salmon that had just taken the fly. Entranced, palpitating, I watched the sport as, with a mad rush down stream, the fish carried the line far onward, and we followed with flashing paddles and a darting craft. Hither and thither went the fish, hither and thither we followed him, now gently doubling, checking, pausing, till he lured us near a deep black pool, in which I was hurriedly informed it was best he should not hide. With cautious haste, while the fisherman humoured the darting fish and gently guided him up stream, the Indians doubled, and, paddling a swift circuit, headed the fish, so to speak, as he made for deeper water. Off he raced again, this time up stream, across and away, then down, then forward, while the ever-whirring reel, the eager eye and ready hand of the cool but watchful fisherman, as he balanced himself in his swaying canoe, showed the keenness of skill required and the fine excitement kindled by this most glorious sport.

Presently for a few seconds there came a pause, the tired fish resting, perhaps to devise new plans of escape; when, prompted by vanity and self-confidence, unconscious of ignorance, blind to aught save a wild desire for once to *hold* a fish, I turned and boldly asked my companion to give me the rod!

Politeness itself, the Superintendent cautiously but promptly placed it in my hands. For a brief happy moment I felt that salmon, the next—"Why is the rod so lightened all at once, and why does the distant line, so taut just now, come blowing so gaily home?" "Off," said Oscar briefly, as the Superintendent gently took the rod, and I covered my wretched face with my weary sun-scorched hands. "That was quick work," he said with plainly forced gaiety, "let us try another;" so we took up our position about twenty yards below our former post, and with saddened heart but wiser head, I watched many fruitless casts go floating over the water, in which we balanced with light soothing motion, in keeping with the gently stirring air, warm sunlight, and soft murmur from a thousand tiny ripples. At two o'clock we landed on a grassy stretch, close to the Patapedia's junction, where a large elm shaded our luncheon camp. The guides made a fire to boil our kettle, and a smudge to keep off the flies, while we sat lazily on the soft grass, and looked over other winding reaches of meadow-like country, bordered with low rounded, prettily wooded hills, a monotony of green tints,

relieved by marvellous shades of olive-brown and yellow, across the wide changing surface of river.

Out again in the canoe we anchored in what Oscar declared to be a "real good" place, and here I had my first careful lesson in casting. When I recall the feats of that afternoon, and the marvellous patience and clearness with which my excellent master repeated the same instructions over and over again—explained, exhorted, demonstrated—I can only hope that he may here read, and reading, appreciate, the depth of gratitude which I shall ever feel for his unwearied and persevering kindness. What he must have suffered who can tell, as I blundered and struggled, twisted the line, broke the fly, caught canoe, paddle, and pole in turn, endangered Oscar's nose, threatened Joseph's ear, and, finally, saluted with a scream of ecstasy a salmon, which probably, to find out what was the matter over his head, rose swiftly, gleamed near my short cast, touched the fly and was off like a shot.

All the worst errors of my friend in green spectacles whom I had laughed at only a few hours ago, were reproduced with wonderful additions on this memorable afternoon and evening. Still I bravely persevered, and kind fortune lured me on with occasional glimpses of success. Thrice large fish rose to my "Durham Ranger," possibly led by a natural curiosity to find out what that marvellous insect was trying to do; each rise I greeted with fresh cries of unsportsmanlike delight, while the silent Indians sat motionless holding their steadying paddles deep in water, while the Superintendent smiled gravely, and the river chuckled loudly as it lightly struck our canoe. At last—oh, supreme moment! a small fish, neglecting, no doubt, a mother's caution with regard to inspecting flies, dashed at my "dark Fairy," and a moment after was spinning down stream on one end of my line, while I at the other, trembling with intense satisfaction, strove hard to hear and follow my master's quiet brief directions, and to stay my nervous fingers as they moved involuntarily to touch the flying reel. Softly we followed for a few delicious moments, when up he leaped clean out of water, and as the words "Give him the butt" rang in my ears, and I struggled vainly to remember what on earth they meant—I saw him flash out a second time further away and deliberately fling himself, casting-line, Fairy and all, away down the river!

To say I was disappointed is to say nothing; hopelessness is

a joke to the sensation with which in simple despair I reeled up, and sat silent. The Superintendent behaved like an angel! Cheering me with words of hope, he spoke also those of wise counsel. "Try again," he kindly persisted, and I did try for two hours all in vain. Then he took the rod, tied on a Jock Scott, and carelessly dealing out lots of line, struck a 25 lb. salmon with his third cast.

Even as the reel began to spin he put the rod into my eager hands, and with the brief order, "Keep cool, and drop the tip of your rod when he jumps," gave some further directions to Oscar, and sat down to await results.

I killed that fish! Nerved by despair, I controlled my frenzied giggle and set seriously to work, with all possible energy, bending my powers to keep cool—to obey orders, and remember, as far as possible, what I had been told it was best to do. When he bolted off, I set my teeth, gripped the rod, and waited; when he faltered, I reeled up. Kneeling in the canoe for near an hour, which seemed a day to me, I strove hard to leave that salmon alone till he should cease his frantic efforts, only in silent answer to my friend's constant injunctions keeping the rod well up and coaxing the fish from the deep pools as the canoe stole quietly about; so reeling swiftly when possible, letting him "slide" when he began to run, little by little, bit by bit, inch by inch, I lured him near and still nearer, till, weary and half-turned over, the fish glanced within sight—the Superintendent gave rapid orders—I held my breath, reeling slowly and smoothly, keeping a very tight line, till Oscar's gaff flashed and fell. There was an awful splashing—we lurched horribly. I drew back my rod just in time to save the now bent double end, and the huge fish lay fighting helplessly in the canoe as Oscar, with a light blow on the head, laid him dead at my feet. That was certainly the very happiest moment of my life—but six; of the other even more blissful six I shall not now speak particularly, but content myself with saying that the small canoe which glided so swiftly home to Indian Brook Camp after evening closed in—past those sombre mysterious forests—black where they touched the dull red of sunset sky—black where they joined the murmuring river, but grand and solemn everywhere—bore a reclining figure, with its head on a candle-box and its eyes fixed on a dead fish, and a heart so full of deep content and satisfaction that there could be but one answer in her estimation

to that unhealthy, but now oft-asked question—Is life worth living? Camp was gay that evening as we chatted round the fire, or listened to the guides singing. Peter was superior as a vocalist, and in French-Canadian patois sang very well, the others breaking into chorus or retiring into shadow for a little dance to the merry sound of his fiddle.

Smudges smouldered on all sides to protect us from those forest pests which, all classed under the head of "flies," include principally sandflies, black-flies, midges and musquitos. To some people, and in some places, these plagues make camp and salmon-fishing life simply intolerable. Everywhere, and always in May, June and July, they stand in the way of perfect bliss on river banks or in forests; but of course there are seasons when flies, like other bores, are more numerous than at others. "Thicker," as the phrase goes, in particular localities, they always show a fine discrimination in selecting their victims from among the florid and plump. Fortunately I was not a special favourite, nor did either of my friends suffer much; but our camp stood in an excellent place, unshaded, dry, cool, and close to running water. Our guides, too, were good men who understood their business, and when not engaged in paddling the canoes, looked after us and it—brushed out our tents at nightfall and closed them carefully, kept their surroundings clean and tidy, burned every particle of refuse food, stowed away our provisions under a roughly made shelter of thick birch bark at once cool and secure, and especially kept smudges going at a respectful distance, so that the flies, and not the ladies, were choked with smoke.

Our provision list included a bag of flour, a large box of biscuits, 2 hams, 15 lbs. of bacon, 40 lbs. of corned beef, 40 lbs. salt pork (this last for the guides), 6 lbs. of beans, 8 lbs. of rice, 6 lbs. of barley, 15 lbs. of brown sugar, 10 lbs. of white sugar, besides condensed milk, preserved fruit and corn, canned tongue, marmalade, candles, tea, raisins, potatoes, and five dozen eggs, as well as tobacco for the guides, who smoked more or less all day and half the night.

But our modest yet ample supply list was entirely put to shame by a remarkable collection brought to the next camp by two charming American fishermen, who had ordered a fashionable grocer to put up "a few necessities" for their own and their four guides' use during a fortnight's tour. This collection, which was also "cached" in a bark tent, included, among many

other wonderful commodities, 24 cans of baking powder, 10 gallons of molasses, 3 gallons of mustard pickle, 20 barrels of potatoes, 25 lbs. of tea, 6 bottles of cayenne pepper, several boxes of assorted lucifer matches, and six hundred grains of quinine!

"Don't you think," the fortunate possessor of all this abundance asked me, as he enumerated the articles, "don't you think it is altogether too much?" and, when choking with stifled laughter, I admitted it did seem a good deal, he added, "It was really quite a large bill," with such an air of pleased content, that I forebore to disturb his masculine mind with a feminine word of superior commiseration!

But our party had, by the knowing ones, been cautioned against too much baggage as inconvenient, unnecessary, and, above all, unsportsmanlike; so my personal effects were enclosed in two waterproof sack bags, lined with canvas and fastened at the neck with a padlocked strap, the smaller of which was stuffed mostly with simplest wearing apparel; the larger containing two pair of blue blankets, a sheet, bath, and pail, all made of india-rubber; a small eider-down pillow, a bathing-gown, a tiny dressing and writing-case, six coarse towels, three novels, a musquito-net, and a straw-covered bottle full of penny-royal mixed with olive oil, an antidote to flies.

My most cherished possession, however, was certainly the musquito-net, opening on ribs like an umbrella, with curtained sides. This, suspended over my bed of spruce boughs (by loops outside, each rib pinned strongly to the tent roof), and carefully tucked under it at night, kept at bay every kind of insect, from midge to house-fly, even if one chanced to find its way into the tent.

Talking of midges reminds me of a sad experience one morning, when I rashly peeped from my tent-door to see day-break. But one glance did I bestow on faintly blushing sky, dark dewy forests, tinted waters, and silent sleeping camp. An atmosphere of needle-points seemed suddenly to envelop my face, neck, and hands as I dived back into shelter, rubbed fiercely with a coarse towel, and crept under my musquito-net, resolved in future to let "dawn go ahead by itself," which elegant expression I overheard growled out last summer by a tired, half-roused sleeper, cruelly summoned at 4 A.M. by a sentimental friend to "get up quickly and see the beauty of coming dawn"!

We kept early hours in camp, and soon after 8 A.M. were generally settled at our respective pools—sometimes miles apart. Very delicious, to be sure, were those warm, sunny days, as, anchored among the dancing lights of that clear, cold river, we “cast” far over its beauteous surface, waiting in gentle excitement to feel fish rise; and who so proud as I, when on our second afternoon’s casting I hooked and landed a little beauty of 19 lbs. weight? In the shady angle of a wide bend he struck the fly, ever so far off, and then dashed away with a suddenness and force that nearly took my quivering rod after the Durham Ranger in his jaw. But an hour earlier I had lost a bigger fish through excitement and clumsiness combined, so I held on to this salmon, or rather let him hold on to me, for after tearing my line out till I thought it would all go, he swam straight back again, while Oscar followed to outflank him, and I reeled like mad. Then he jumped, rolled in a circle, twice splashing furiously down as if determined to smash the rod, and after spending nearly an hour in all sorts of unseen manœuvres, during which I knelt fighting him by my master’s orders with improving management of the reel, he settled down in a deep pool. Nearly crying because nothing seemed likely to dislodge that fish, I was beginning to despond, when he tugged gently, as if to say, “Are you there?” and evidently understanding my telegraphic assent, tore off again hither and thither, up and down, near and far, while I reeled and let go, the canoe gliding after him, the master encouraging my failing efforts, until I felt the fish was giving in a bit, and plucked up heart again. I seem to have lived many years between that salmon’s rise and the exquisite moment when the shortening line led him swaying forward, and Joe’s gaff lifted him out of water.

But a moment prouder still was in store for me, when one cloudy morning having killed a fine fish I beheld him suspended to the scale which marked his weight at 26 lbs., while an admiring circle of friends and guides marked my triumph!

Now this salmon was especially dear to my heart, because I killed him all alone in my glory. It chanced that we were anchored in the Camp pool when he struck the fly, and as he made for shore, we hauled in our anchor stone, and followed him, hoping to land and play him from the bank; but I was not quick enough to manage this. The Superintendent climbed on shore, and I essayed to follow, still holding the passing fish,

who now started down stream, so there was nothing left but to keep the water. I found myself, therefore, alone to battle with a very crafty fish, who reserved his powers until we were a mile from camp, when he began a series of unexpected convolutions which none of my instructions "fitted" at all, and which, by their playfulness and variety, fairly bewildered me. I have little recollection of how it all happened until I found myself an hour after sitting hatless, broiling in the sun and covered with musquitos, the canoe balancing in shallow eddies near a green-plumed island, while Joe took a silver "doctor" from the jaw of a newly-gaffed salmon, and Oscar, breaking for once the almost absolute silence in which he lives, exclaimed with approbation, "Gosh! 'er did that well!"

So the pleasant days went by. Sometimes we had reverses and a dark side to the wild picture-life on the lonely river. Heat, flies, coy fish that wouldn't rise; or rising, wouldn't take; or taking, wouldn't stay—these were our chiefest woes dated from camp. Of those other deeper troubles that clutch the heart for a lifetime and never quite let go, no doubt we all had our share. But even these are brightened in camp, because there is no time to talk them over and so make matters worse. Though we had apparently nothing to do, every one was always busy except for an hour or two at midday, when we lounged about in shady places with a smudge close at hand, and read or dozed, or thought over fresh schemes for successfully inviting salmon, like Mrs. Bond's ducklings, "to come and be killed."

My favourite resting-place was a hammock slung near the brook in a charming spot, from whence I looked out on the camp of white tents and fluttering flags, and away to the great bend of wood and water towards Patepedia, with constantly shifting lights and shades playing over them.

When the picture grew monotonous I read 'Me, or the Story of the Window Curtains,' which was so suggestive that I caught myself several times wishing I was in a position to have confiding employers, so that, like "Me" in the story, I might cheat them all. Sometimes, however, the silence and warm air overcame me, and I dozed, to dream I was on trial for forgery, and that the brook's solemn murmur was delivering sentence!

Generally before the light meal we called early dinner I would enjoy a dip in some sheltered waters below the island, whither my fellow-sportswoman and I were conveyed in my canoe.

How fresh and strong one felt after a bathe there, or, better still, under the arching trees at Patapedia, where it was exciting fun to venture so dangerously near the rapids that the "swirl" gripped one's bathing-gown, and tried hard to pluck one off the stones.

After dinner always came more fishing, which engaged us all the bright afternoons and cool dewy evenings until the stars shone out in the mild blue heaven, while forests and waters darkened with mysterious shadows as we glided homeward down stream. Moonlight on that river was a sight to be remembered with joy for ever, even though seen as I generally saw it—on our homeward voyage to camp—with eyes half-closed in sleep! The long day, with its little journeys, excitements, successes and disappointments—to say nothing of "casting" for hours together, sitting in a birch-bark canoe twenty-two feet long and not three wide, anchored in water twelve or fourteen feet deep—was often very fatiguing, and the red star of our camp fire far away on the dark shore was ever welcome to sleepy eyes, especially when Peter's shrill railway whistle and danger signal greeted our approach, conveying the intelligence that a capital supper was just ready.

Peter's powers of mimicry were as remarkable as the power of his lungs. His "railway signal" whistles were perfect in their way, and he could "take off" everybody in camp to the very life. He was a vocalist, too, and played the fiddle. I think I see our party now round the camp-fire, as we used to sit after the day's work was over, while Peter sang in patois and the other guides joined in chorus, or he fiddled while they danced. By 10 P.M., however, we were asleep on our spruce beds, the guides all occupying a bark "lean-to," or shed, where they lay on boughs in a row, their heads under the low slope of their slight shelter, their feet to the blazing camp-fire.

Of course the principal topic of conversation in camp was salmon, and sometimes we had too much of it, though the Superintendent was full of interesting knowledge about the king of fish, whose manners and customs he had closely studied for twenty years. He was strong on the fact that salmon eat nothing while in fresh water, and declared that they only take the fly in play or idleness, giving several excellent reasons for both opinions. Certainly the transparent water of the Restigouche revealed no trace of animal or vegetable life suitable to the nourishment of so large a fish; and I never could convince

myself that they like "fly" refreshment when I found how many tempting Jock Scotts Fairies, Silver doctors and Butchers, all lovely of their kind—I dangled over them hour after hour all in vain! But the favourite talk in camp and on the river was the impending destruction of our salmon in Canada, in consequence of the netting on the coasts, and even at the stream's mouth, which is carried on recklessly by the fishermen who live alongshore, and insist on having salmon to sell at five cents, about threepence sterling a pound; whereas, if they consented to the better preservation of salmon rivers, not only would their canning and selling industries stand better chance of lasting, but the employment, wages, and fees given them by the wealthy class who frequent such waters in search of sport and pleasure, would make each pound of fish taken by such sportsmen worth to them ten times that value.

Salmon enough to supply the canning and freezing establishments, as well as the fish market, could be taken in half the nets set at half time; but the M.P.s for these maritime counties don't want to endanger the fishermen's vote, and so when the Marine and Fisheries Department at Ottawa essay to interfere and enforce the law, the M.P. begs off "this time," and the slaughter goes on. However, as the Restigouche Salmon Club killed 800 fish last season, and the Superintendent's party of four rods took between June 7th and July 2nd, 214, there does not seem much cause for anxiety; yet still the fish are diminishing, and there is nothing like a timely agitation; so a serious opposition to the present Canadian Government was organized round our camp-fire, which is pledged to dire revenge upon that Government if "something" is not promised in the required direction as soon as the Parliament of 1888 shall be called together for despatch of business.

This vexed question talked dry, ghost stories, fish adventures, and canoe experiences would follow, all thrilling of their kind, especially when told by the spreading glow of firelight, which, reddening fitfully in a wild circle, made black by contrast the dark mysterious world of forest and water under the starry brightness of the summer sky.

One point of daily interest in camp was a small artificial pond, which, hollowed among shining gravel and pebbles, and filled from the brook, whose clear rapid water flowed through it continually, was used as a preserve for such salmon as had been landed in nets to be kept for camp consumption, or killed

and forwarded, as opportunity occurred, to the Club House at Metapedia—from thence to be distributed by express.

There, shaded by a pile of constantly renewed fresh branches, lay several large salmon, all ready for Peter, with their noses far under the bank and the water rippling merrily over their graceful silvered bodies, stately and motionless, while a few fine trout, also reserved for the fire, bustled about in the water, ready to snap at anything offered in the way of food. One evening I added a big fish to this collection, until a canoe bound for Metapedia gave me an opportunity of sending him packed in fern leaves and ice to the chief at Ottawa, who had the effrontery to ask afterwards where that fine salmon had been bought!

This remark was all the more cruel because I had suffered very much over that salmon, and had played him from the bank for an hour, standing, walking and kneeling by turns on hot round stones, with the thermometer at 80 in the shade, no hat on, and just flies enough about my ears, cheeks and throat, to leave wounds, unfelt until the excitement was over, which took all my remaining musquito-oil to relieve.

He rose to an odd cast made in a pool near camp as we went home to dinner after a barren morning at the Patapedia, or, as the natives about there call it, "Patty my jaw." I missed him first with a bungling fly, but the Superintendent coaxed him up soon afterwards with an irresistibly presented "butcher," and then gave me the rod. He was so strong, I despaired of landing him, and so wily, that it was impossible to guess what he would be at, so my master, probably fearing that I should, in my eagerness and awkward ignorance combined, upset the canoe and be drowned, decided on going ashore, which was at last accomplished with great difficulty, and never could have been done had not the salmon stopped to sulk a few minutes. Entire was my satisfaction when, after a long, anxious struggle, feeling every moment that he would certainly get off, I found him coming into shallow water; there he gave a series of horribly dangerous "flops," which seemed to be going to break everything, then faltered; while I reeled up, quite breathless and unstrung from anxiety, and finally gave in for a second, of which Guide Joe took instant advantage, as he stepped out boldly into the water, dipped his long net as if it had been a tea-spoon, and in no time my big fish was kicking in its meshes. Late that afternoon we sat watching a delicious sunset at "Patty my jaw." The mists, which had hung about all day, flushed pink as rose-

leaves, and a strange lacing of primrose-coloured light barred the vista, through which we saw the sinking sun lighting up the feathery hills and tall grassed meadows, the grey rocks and yellowed water on each side, while the rest lay in cool shadow. Let us hope these strange and beautiful sunset "effects" bewildered me and caused the double accident, or stupidity will have to account for the fact that, having risen a salmon, and being painfully absorbed in watching the spot where I imagined he would be, I caught sight of a fish jumping high out of water far away in another direction. Excited, I cried out, "See! there is another!" and could hardly believe, when a few minutes afterwards I found line, fly, and fish all clean gone, that I had entirely miscalculated the distance and position of the fly, and had fancied my own captive fish to be a second salmon leaping from the pool!

But there were fishers more unhappy still than I. One morning we saw a "rod" in a canoe slowly moving down stream. He sat very erect, with a tightened line and awkwardly elevated tip. "Got a fish," said Oscar briefly, and so we passed on, afar off. Shortly after we tarried to drink of a cool brook, whose transparent waters leaped through the mossy forest and over the fern-covered banks, falling a cascade of bright beads into the river below. Here we found a river guardian prowling alongshore in his punt, hollowed from a tree, who told us this "rod" had hooked his fish full two hours before, and "didn't seem to know very well what to do with him." That the poor gentleman did suffer from some uncertainty on this score was evident, when we met him several hours later full two miles down stream, the fish still attached to his elevated pole, his line still stretched over the water, seated stiffly in his canoe with a most unhappy air, while the guides slowly moved him after the fish, who in this case had clearly caught the man!

When at supper that evening, we heard by chance how the fish had abandoned his prey soon after we thus beheld him, I could not help feeling what a relief the escape must have been to that exhausted angler in spectacles, who for more than eight hours had been held prisoner!

By this time, however, I began to feel that my reputation as a "rod" stood high. Thanks to my ever-to-be-remembered Superintendent, to the acknowledged persistency of woman, and to a passionate desire for success, I had actually killed nine salmon on the Restigouche at a time when old and skilful fishermen

grumbled over their failures, and declared, as people always do when things go wrong, that the good old days had vanished entirely, and that salmon and society had gone to the bad together. But, fish or no fish, a strong fascination surrounds most of those in camp and canoe.

Dwelling so close to sunshine and moonbeam, to sweet light and soft shadow, to glory of sunset, to the blushes of morning, the song of birds, the murmur of water, looking so constantly at mountain crests lifted high in the blue air, at windings of silver river, at the colours that sparkle far and near, listening to the forest silence, to the lap of a wavelet, to the rustle of evening breeze, we live under the spell of strong force drawing us nearer to what we were intended to be, and further from that hurried anxious struggle that men call life. Even the old and world-worn feel the charm of being alone with nature wholly untouched by the ruthless, graceless hand of man. If only for a short time, still they love perhaps because it is a foretaste of that sweet rest under the grass and flowers, which we are taught to dread from our childhood, only because it is presented to us under the gruesome name of Death.

It was a sorrowful morning, indeed, when our pretty camp lay in ruins, when the white tents had vanished, leaving only squares of dead grass to mark their places, and the rough flag-poles stood gaunt and bare. The camp-fire's embers were grey and dead, our rude tables were broken, our rustic seats abandoned, for tents, baggage, blankets, tackle and all had been stowed away for transportation, and we stood awaiting the canoes, now lifted for the last time from their couch in the long dewy grass and launched for once reluctantly by the guides, who seem to have grown fond of the merry party they are soon to see no more.

Peter's railway whistle rang out like a cry of pain as we sadly shook hands all round, stepped into our respective canoes, and glided off smoothly, swiftly, scarce parting the sunbeams on that golden brown water, close to the feathered island, round its shining sands, under the towering wooded height of "Eagle's Cliff," below the tossing rapid, and so on "down stream," as we journey always to whatever shore we are bound for, and the years roll on.

AGNES MACDONALD.

Monsieur Alfredo.

I HAVEN'T a notion how I found my way to the modest little Café, nor do I know how it came to pass that during the whole of that year I frequented no other.

I wonder whether Monsieur Alfredo had anything to do with it.

His breakfast hour was evidently a later one than mine, as I had generally finished a couple of cigarettes before he made his appearance at the Café de l'Empereur, upright and trim in his tightly-buttoned frock-coat, a roll of manuscripts under his arm, and his grey curls falling softly round his wrinkled, childlike old face. The waiter always brought him a cup of coffee, after which he would place the chess-board before us. Monsieur Alfredo, with old-fashioned courtesy, made a point of inquiring after my health, and I never failed to receive satisfactory assurances as to the state of his. I generally set the chessmen up myself, and whilst I groped under the table in search of the bishop, that somehow or other always fell to the ground, Monsieur Alfredo would hastily take his lump of sugar out of his pocket and drop it into his cup.

We always played two games. I am the most unlucky fellow alive at anything of the sort, and the old man, who was extremely fond of chess, beamed all over every time he got the better of me. He played slowly, but with an amount of daring that was positively astounding, leaving me undecided, even after two months' experience, as to which of us played the worst. What puzzled me most of all was the fact that Monsieur Alfredo seldom or ever played anything but kings and queens; occasionally, with reluctance, he would put the knights, castles, and bishops into requisition, but as to the pawns, he appeared to ignore their very existence. It was the first time I had ever

seen the game played in this way, and was obliged to keep all my wits about me to make quite sure of losing.

The conversation usually turned on literature, and, above all, the theatre. Monsieur Alfredo was extremely exacting with respect to dramatic art, and approved of it as represented by Tragedy alone. As far as authors were concerned, it was well-nigh impossible to satisfy him. I happened to be an enthusiastic admirer of Victor Hugo's just then, but Monsieur Alfredo thought there was a lack of backbone about him. He preferred Racine and Corneille, although he gave me to understand that, according to his light, both these authors were deficient in action and dramatic power.

As for Comedy, he despised it, refusing point-blank to look upon Scribe, Augier, Labiche, or Dumas as dramatic celebrities. To mention either Offenbach or Lecocq was enough to reduce the hitherto placid Monsieur Alfredo to a state of ungovernable fury; he then burst forth into Italian, which he never spoke unless greatly excited; he denounced them as "*birbanti*"* and "*avvelenatori*,"† and declared that it was their music that had spread the poison that had proved fatal to the good taste of a whole generation, maintaining at the same time, that they alone were responsible for the downfall of Tragedy in the nineteenth century.

He seemed well posted up in everything concerning the Paris theatres, and was evidently a constant playgoer himself—I had once or twice suggested that we should go to the theatre together some evening, but Monsieur Alfredo had always feigned to misunderstand my proposal.

No sooner had we finished our second game than Monsieur Alfredo invariably produced four sous from the depths of a little paper bag, nodded to the waiter, asked for his bill, and regularly laid his four coppers on the table.

The Café de l'Empereur was not much of a place, as you are already aware, you had to pay eight sous for a cup of coffee on the Boulevard St. Michel, but it only cost four sous here, provided you drank it without milk or sugar—Monsieur Alfredo had long since communicated to me his experience that sugar was fatal to coffee, robbing it of half its fragrance. I, less alive to these nice distinctions, used to order the waiter to bring me both sugar and milk, and cognac into the bargain, but never once had I succeeded in persuading Monsieur Alfredo to share a

* Banditti.

† Poisoners.

glass with me. I had offered him everything which I believed the Café de l'Empereur to be capable of producing, but the old gentleman's refusal, though courteous, had always been decided.

I had found out that Monsieur Alfredo was a literary character himself, and that the manuscript he always carried under his arm was nothing more nor less than a five-act tragedy. Having always entertained the profoundest admiration for authors and artists, I naturally took every opportunity of letting him know how highly I esteemed the privilege of his acquaintance. I had long ago made a clean breast of all my affairs to him, but as far as his own were concerned he was singularly shy and uncommunicative. Once or twice, on leaving the Café, I had tried to go part of the way with him, but he always wished me good-bye on turning into the street, and of course I saw that I wasn't wanted. I had also expressed a wish to be allowed to call upon him, but had been given to understand that he was hard at work just then, and feeling pretty sure that the tragedy was at the bottom of it all, I took good care not to intrude myself upon him.

He never came to the Café of an evening; I generally sat there alone, smoking. I sometimes dined in Paris proper with some of my fellow-students, but, like every other true inhabitant of the Quartier Latin, seldom crossed the Seine. One evening, however, some one started the idea that the whole lot of us should drive down to the Variétés to see "Les Brigands," and every one assenting to the proposal, they carried me off with them.

The pit was literally overflowing with students. We were all in holiday tempers, and applauded quite as vociferously as the *claque* who sat just behind us. I felt as though I were playing my old friend false, and could not help thinking how thoroughly he would despise me, should it ever come to his knowledge that I had been there—whereupon I made up my mind to keep the whole thing dark. And yet, in spite of everything, I laughed till I cried, from beginning to end.

The singers had hardly got the words out of their mouths before the *claque* was ready with its deafening applause, we students and the rest of the pit following suit with a right good will. And by the time we were unable to move our arms any longer, the *claque* had laid in a fresh stock of energy and the brilliant farce was hailed again and again with renewed thunders

of applause by the joyless spectators in the background, by the chorus of poor devils who sat there shouting "bravo! bravo!" to earn their daily bread.

Suddenly I heard a "bravo!" that made me start, it came a little after the rest; hastily I turned round and ran my eye over the claque, and then, to the astonishment of my fellow-students, I took my hat, and slunk out of the theatre.

The joyous music rang in my ears the whole way home, but it would not have taken much to have brought the tears to my eyes that night.

No, I never told Monsieur Alfredo that I had been to see "Les Brigands," I dropped the subject of Offenbach and Lecocq, and never again did I suggest that we should go to the theatre together.

Next day, after we had finished our game of chess, I followed him home at some little distance. I returned to his house that same evening, and whilst I stood there contemplating the card on Monsieur Alfredo's door, the concierge made her appearance and informed me that he never spent the evenings at home. "Was I, perhaps, a pupil?" I answered in the affirmative. I asked her if his teaching connection was a large one at present, but she replied that as far as she was aware, I was the first pupil who had ever presented himself.

It was towards the latter end of autumn that Monsieur Alfredo was informed of my irrevocable decision to throw medicine to the winds for the sake of henceforth devoting myself exclusively to the stage, and to my intense satisfaction he consented to become my instructor in deportment and declamation. The lessons always took place at my rooms in the Hôtel de l'Avenir. The old fellow's method was a peculiar one, and his theories on histrionic art as audacious as those he held on chess. I listened attentively to all he had to say, endeavouring, to the best of my abilities, to follow those elementary rules of deportment which he saw fit to teach me. After a while, according to my earnest wish, he agreed to let me try my hand at acting, and fully aware of my undisguised preference for tragedy, it was decided that, under the immediate superintendence of the author himself, I should get up one of the characters in Monsieur Alfredo's last work, "*Le Poignard*," a five-act tragedy. Monsieur Alfredo took the King's part, and I was the Marquis. I am bound to admit that my *début* was not a happy one. It was pretty evident that the author was far

from satisfied, and I realised myself that my personification of the Marquis was a dead failure.

The character I next assumed was that of the English lord in the five-act tragedy entitled "*La Vengeance*;" no illusions, however, were possible on that score either. I then tried to play the Count in "*Le Secret du Tombeau*," but the result was doubtful. After that I sank to the grade of Viscount, and made superhuman efforts to keep up to the mark, but, notwithstanding the delicacy with which Monsieur Alfredo drew attention to my shortcomings, I was unable to blind myself to the fact that I wasn't fit to be a Viscount either.

I began to have serious misgivings as to my theatrical vocation, but Monsieur Alfredo thought the reason of my failure might easily be traced to unfamiliarity with the higher circles of society, and was of opinion that, unaccustomed to associate with persons of distinction, I naturally found it difficult to adapt myself to their ways of thought and speech. And his conjectures were perfectly correct; it was anything but easy.

All his heroes and heroines were heartbroken, not to say desperate, whilst I was half the time unable to fathom the reason of their despair—Love and hatred glowed in everyone's eyes. As a rule, everything went wrong with the lovers,—who, even when they were brought together, did not seem to think it worth their while to cheer up. I remember the third act of "*Le Poignard*," for instance, where I (the Marquis) had literally waded through seas of blood to rejoin my lady-love, whilst she had set fire and water at nought for the sake of reunion with me. Well, the Archbishop performs the marriage ceremony by moonlight, and we, who have not seen each other for ten years, are left alone for a moment or two in a bower of roses. There was nothing on earth to be alarmed at, no one was likely to disturb us, for I had run my sword through the body of every grown-up person in the piece, after which I thought I really might be allowed to be a little kind to the Marchioness, but Monsieur Alfredo never found my voice tragic enough during the few brief moments of happiness he bestowed upon us. (We ultimately perished in an earthquake.)

For the matter of that, it fared no better with those who escaped violent deaths—they suddenly faded away in the flower of their age, victims to inexplicable diseases which no amount

of care and attention was able to contend with. At first I did all I could to save some of them; but Monsieur Alfredo looked at me with great astonishment every time I suggested that some one might be allowed to recover, and quite aware that it was this sort of weakness which, according to him, had spoiled Victor Hugo as a dramatist, I made up my mind to let things take their course without interfering.

After a few more abortive attempts to pose as a member of the aristocracy, I tried to persuade Monsieur Alfredo that it was just possible I might acquit myself more creditably in a less elevated social position. But here we came upon an unexpected obstacle—Monsieur Alfredo drew the line at Viscounts. True that the exigencies of the drama occasionally required the presence of some low-born individual on the stage, but no sooner had he got the necessary words out of his mouth than the author would fling a purse at his head, relegating him to the side-scenes, with an imperial wave of his shiny coat-sleeves. Well, away with all false pride!—These were the rôles in which I at last hit upon my true vocation, and these the characters in which I scored my only dramatic triumphs. I disappeared gradually and imperceptibly from the repertoire, without the old man's attention being too suddenly drawn to the fact; now and then I would cross the stage and, with a deep obeisance, deliver a manuscript letter from some crowned head, would sometimes carry off a corpse—and that was all.

And so the autumn sped away. We had gone through tragedy after tragedy, notwithstanding which, Monsieur Alfredo would constantly turn up with new manuscripts under his arm. I began to fear that the poor old fellow would wear himself out with this perpetual writing, and sought by every manner of means to induce him to take a rest; this was, however, impossible. The visits he paid his only pupil and literary confidant were now of daily occurrence. As the days wore on, his simple, childlike face seemed to grow more and more gentle, and more and more was I drawn towards the poor old enthusiast with a sort of tender compassion.

And unquenchable and ever more unquenchable became his literary bloodthirstiness. By Christmas his new tragedy was ready, and Monsieur Alfredo himself thought it was the best thing he had ever done. The scene was laid in Sicily, at the foot of Mount Etna, in the immediate neighbourhood of several

burning lava streams. Not a soul survived the fifth act. I begged for the life of a Newfoundland dog who, with a dead child in his mouth, had swum over from the Italian coast; but Monsieur Alfredo was inexorable. The dog threw himself into the crater, in the last scene.

But whilst Mount Etna's lava streams were heating the world of Monsieur Alfredo's dreams, the winter snow was falling over Paris. All the rest of us were wearing overcoats, but my poor professor was still wandering about the streets in the same old frock-coat, so shiny with constant brushing, so shabby by the wear and tear of years. The nights became intensely cold, and sadly did my thoughts follow the poor old man tramping every night across the streets of Paris after the theatre was closed. I often tried to broach the subject, but was always deterred by the sensitive pride with which he sought to disguise his poverty.

Yet had I never seen him look so happy as he did at present. He was prepared to stake everything upon this new tragedy of his. Like all its predecessors, it was written with a view to future performance at the Théâtre Français: the systematic ill-will with which Mr. Perrin* had refused to have anything to do with his other works had certainly had the effect of turning his thoughts to the Odéon Theatre; but, taking the colossal proportions of this new drama into consideration, Monsieur Alfredo did not quite see how he could possibly offer it to any theatre except the very best.

Perhaps you think I ought to have warned Monsieur Alfredo against indulging in these dangerous flights of imagination; perhaps you think I ought in all fairness to have hinted that the theatre of his dreams was relegated to a very different planet from ours—I did nothing of the sort. And you would not have done so either had his kind old eyes sought as anxiously for approval in yours as they did in mine, had you been called upon to witness the glow of excitement on his wrinkled, guileless old face, as he reached some passage specially intended to dumbfound me—which, alas! it seldom failed to do. But I had become quite incapable of spoiling the one pleasure of his life by a single critical word. Silently I listened to tragedy after tragedy, my inclination to laugh at his astounding inspirations having vanished before this tragedy of real life, my criticism being disarmed by his utter helplessness—he didn't even possess an overcoat!

* The director of the Théâtre Français.

I was his only audience, why might not I be allowed to applaud the poor old scribbler a little, he whom Life had hissed unmercifully and often enough?

One afternoon he failed to make his appearance at the Café de l'Empereur; I waited for him again next day, seated in front of the chess-board, but to no purpose. I waited there all day long. At last I could stand it no longer, and feeling sure that some misfortune had befallen him, I went to look him up that same evening. The concierge had not seen him go out, and hastily I ran upstairs and knocked at the door of his room—no answer. I stood there for a moment or two, reading the visiting card that had been nailed to the door,

Monsieur Alfredo,

Auteur dramatique

Professeur de Déclamation, de

Maintien et de Mise en Scène.

and then I quietly opened the door and went in.

The old man lay on his bed, delirious, not recognising the unbidden guest, who stood there glancing sadly round the empty garret, cold as the streets without, for no fireplace was to be seen anywhere.

It was fine enough next day, and he was removed without difficulty to the hospital close by—where I was serving, for the matter of that.

He had inflammation of the lungs. Every one was kind to the old gentleman, both students and professors, and Sœur Philomène managed matters so successfully, that she obtained a private room for him.

He continued delirious the whole of that day and night, but became calmer towards morning, and recognised me. Of course he insisted upon returning to his own quarters, but quieted down considerably on hearing that he was in a private room, and quite independent of all the other patients. After some hesitation, he asked me what it would cost him, and I answered, that as far as I was aware, the hospital had no right to charge him anything at all, as the *Société des auteurs dramatiques* was entitled to a certain number of beds free of charge, added to which I thought

he could hardly refuse to avail himself of the privilege, as of course every one knew who he was.

Sœur Philomène, who stood at the head of his bed, shook her finger reprovingly at me, but I could see by the expression in her eyes that she bore my little white lie no malice. I had hit upon the poor old fellow's weak point, and was obliged to repeat my remarks about the *Société des auteurs dramatiques* over and over again. He listened eagerly to everything I said, and a faint smile of satisfaction lit up the poor, faded, old face on being finally persuaded that I was speaking the truth. And now he seemed quite pleased with everything and did not realise himself how rapidly he was sinking. According to his wish, a little table with writing materials had been placed beside his bed, but up to the present moment he had not attempted to put pen to paper.

That night he was more than usually restless, and during the next morning's round I noticed that Sœur Philomène had hung a little crucifix at the head of his bed.

He lay there quietly all day; once, however, whilst drinking his broth, he had inquired the name of the deadliest poison on record, and Sœur Philomène had believed it to be "Prussic acid."

Towards evening he became more feverish, and there was a restless expression in his eyes. He begged me to come and sit beside him, and after swearing me over to solemn silence, he unveiled the plot of his new tragedy, in which the rival was to administer a dose of Prussic acid to the bride and bridegroom during the wedding ceremony. He spoke rapidly and cheerfully, and there was a look of triumph in his eye as he asked me if I thought the Théâtre Français would dare to refuse him this time, and I answered that I didn't think it would dare to do so. He meant to work at it day and night, the first act was to be ready next morning, and before the week was out he intended to send the manuscript in for perusal.

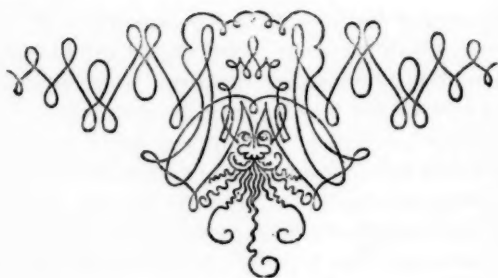
And then he became delirious again, paying little or no attention to my answers. He talked at random, and it became impossible to follow his thoughts. But his face still reflected what his failing perception was unable to translate into words, and deeply touched and astonished, I saw Death bestow on him the joy that Life had denied him.

His eyes still rested on mine, but he saw far beyond, for the barriers of this world had already fallen for him. He seemed

to be listening, a gleam came over the pallid face, his eyes began to sparkle, and proudly raising his head, the old man sat upright in bed. He shook his grey curls, and a glow of triumph lit up his brow. With his hand on his heart, the dying author made a low bow, for in the silence of the approaching night he heard the echo of his life's fondest dream, he heard the Théâtre Français ringing with applause.

And then the curtain slowly sank upon the old author's last tragedy.

AXEL MUNTHE.



On Some Differences between Cottages and Castles.

A THREE-CORNERED ESSAY.



IN the course of my wanderings through this world I have occasionally sojourned both in Cottages and in Castles. There are certain differences—both physical and metaphysical—between these two orders of architecture, if I may devise such new orders, which I propose to point out in the present paper. I may say at once that I know a great deal more about cottages than I do about castles. On the whole, I perhaps give a preference to castles over cottages, probably because I know so much less about them. In a moral point of view, I think the cottage is much better for me and for most folk than the castle. In these equalizing days there are still lingering differences between castles and cottages, which I shall discuss without venturing to strike exactly the balance of advantages.

When I say a castle, I mean a real castle ; and when I say a cottage, I mean a real cottage. I start with this at the beginning, because there are sham castles and sham cottages. There is a noble feudal frontage on high ground near Bath, familiar to most tourists in the West, which is frontage with battlement and tower, but only frontage. It rejoices in the name of Sham Castle. I know several houses, which are simply villas, but there is tower or turret, and perhaps some approximation to moat and barbican, which enterprising house agents have denominated castles. Similarly there was the famous castle in the wilds of Walworth, where Mr. Wemmick stowed away his portable property and fired his Stinger, the piece of ordnance by the side of the drawbridge.

There are a lot of ruined castles about the country ; and there is a man of an economic turn of mind, and of archaic tastes, who rents or leases a few of them, and knocks up a few rooms,

and is able with truth to give his temporary abode the name of an historic castle. I sympathize with this sort of taste. I remember wandering through the Pyrenees one summer, and I came to an ancient castle, nobly placed on an elevated knoll, dominating a well-watered valley, and itself dominated by snowy peaks rising far above the chestnut and oak forests. The old castle would have been cheerfully let for nothing, or next to nothing. A friend once told us that he hired a castle or palazzo one winter in a remote part of Italy, with fifty-three bedrooms, at thirty shillings a month. As his family consisted only of himself and wife, one or two children, one or two servants, they found some difficulty in distributing themselves impartially over the fifty-three bedrooms. My Pyrenean castle pleased me largely; I mentally inhabited it. I thought how I might best engraft the modern luxury upon the old feudality. I wondered whether the old Seignorial rights still lingered on in this part of Europe. Of course the idea would not stand any practical test for a moment. The castle was not worth reparation—even on the extravagant hypothesis that one could afford to repair—and could offer no possible compensation for exile and isolation. But I had my day-dream, which was more amusing than an ordinary day-dream. And that reminds me that each one of us has his castles—his castles in the air—*Châteaux d'Espagne*. Each one perhaps has had his glimpse of Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. Moreover, the law of the land asserts, or is popularly supposed to assert, that each Englishman's house is his castle; but, as Mr. Bumble profoundly generalizes—"the Law is an Ass."

And by a cottage I mean a real *bonâ-fide* cottage, not a Sham Cottage. There is the cottage *ornée*, with its roses and honeysuckles, its myrtles and wisteria. There is the cottage where Love abides, and where, alas, young Love sometimes flies out of the window when Poverty enters by the door. Once in the far English West I visited a most lovely abode, with Hesperian groves and gardens, a noble river murmuring past, and drives cut for many miles through the woods; and this palatial abode of one of our wealthiest dukes is always known as The Cottage. It was rather a misnomer. It reminded me of what Coleridge says in his fierce poem, "The Devil's Thoughts":

"He saw a cottage with a double coach-house
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility."

How beautifully Coleridge has described "a place of retirement" the cottage which he had for a time at Clevedon, close to the homes and the graves of the Hallams! The memories of Coleridge and Arthur Hallam cling to the pretty watering-place by "that broad water of the West."

"Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined; the little landscape round
Was green and woody and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion!"

Now a certain cottage, which I have now in my mind's eye and in which I lately sojourned some time in the flesh, is not a poetical but a sternly practical cottage. It is one of a cluster of three cottages. It is in the village street. I pay ten shillings a week for its two best rooms, parlour and bedroom, and I am considered a profitable tenant for the summer season. There is no hall or "passage." The door of my room is the door of the house, and when I open the door I am in the street; except indeed that there is a small breadth of garden interposed between the door and the gate. The furniture, what there is of it, is good, and everything is scrupulously clean. It is not a "long unlovely street," for it is curved; it is broken up by immense masses of green from the Rectory garden, by a lane, by the village mill, by a farmhouse, by spaces of pasture and corn land. At the end of the street lives that highly poetic character, the village blacksmith, and my nearest neighbour opposite is the village shoemaker, who has just had the misfortune of losing his donkey, and for whom I have indited a "Beggar's Petition," leading off with my mite—the generic name for all small subscriptions—and which has probably obtained as much as will set him up in donkeys for the rest of his life.

In the same street is the village school; at present a National School, but so ill-supported by the farmers in these hard times, that it is trembling on the verge of being turned into a Board School, which will be a sore burden on the rates. Then there is a church, with a round tower that looks Saxon, perfectly cruciform, and rich with stained-glass windows. In the village

there is a railway station, and even a telegraph office, and these are conveniences, which, as a rule, are nearer to cottages than they are to castles. Those lines of iron and wire make all the difference. When you are at a railway station, you are in the middle of everything. As a rule, however, the natives do not make much use of a railway, except on market days to the neighbouring town. Sometimes the local traffic is *nil*, and you wonder at the liberality of the Company in according the accommodation. A clerical friend tells me that the Railway Company ran a special train from his village for the Cattle Show. He was the solitary occupant when it started. As he himself came back by another route, his impression was that the special train returned empty.

Of course in the cottage the commissariat question assumes grave proportions. Here, no doubt, the castle scores heavily over the cottage. At the castle, as a rule, you get wonderful dinners. The *menu* is worthy of most respectful consideration. Anything wanted is sent specially from London. On the coast of Cornwall fish has come down by special train from Billingsgate. The wines, unless the castle people favour the teetotal heresy—which is not uncommon nowadays in castles—are of famous vintages. But in the cottage I had to forecast and forage for my dinner. The butcher tells me that I can have such a portion of sheep on a Tuesday, and if I want a fowl, he is going out to his farm next Thursday, and he will have one killed for me. There is no greengrocer in the place, but fruit and vegetables are to be procured, for a consideration, from the garden of the biggish people, who have no objection to sell their produce. Indeed, I know a country vicar whose servant's wife keeps a little shop for him in the village, where he sells his milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. I regret to hear that the Vicarage goods are thought rather dearer and not quite so good as at the shops at the market town.

This uncertainty about the commissariat supplies a mild stimulant and excitement to life. The great object is to prevent yourself from being driven back upon tinned meats. Occasionally you may come within an appreciable distance of starvation. You feel that for you Society is being fast resolved into its original elements. You realize the condition of Robinson Crusoe, who would take his gun and go abroad and shoot something for his dinner. One day I boarded a fishing boat on a tidal river, and the poor fellows sold me all their catch

for a couple of shillings. They had had bad luck, but what there was proved very good, and fresh within an hour from the water. Then it was great fun to go over to market with a railway market ticket; but the amusement of marketing palls on the inferior male mind after two or three repetitions. It is an amusement to bargain about the price, and if you have a prudent mind you can really effect some savings on what you buy, and you see much of the local colour and characteristics. On such days I go to the big inn and sit down to the "ordinary," the farmers' dinner. The distressed agriculturists have a most excellent dinner, and take their hock and claret freely, and it likewise becomes instructive to listen to their sentiments.

Now contrast this sort of life with life at the castle. I greatly enjoy castle hospitality, and write with a sense of appreciation and of gratitude. On one such edifice there is the inscription *Amicis et sibi*, a true motto for many a goodly house. The castles exist as much for the owners' friends as for the owners. The comforts and luxuries of life are reduced, in their treatment, to the character of an exact science. Moreover, you are conscious of an atmosphere of real courtesy and kindness and hospitality that make you comfortable and at your ease. What troubles you had in indoctrinating your cottagers with the mysteries of the matutinal tub! but here the valet noiselessly arranges all you want, and one particular valet had been the personal attendant for years of a Prime Minister. I do not think that he looked upon him as being in the least degree different to any other man. Now let me take two castles that shall be of different types, but each of them very remarkable in its way. The one is a castle whose history goes back for eight hundred years, and even in the most unquiet times, when war was raging all around, escaped the siege and the battle. My bedroom had walls as thick as the bedrooms in Windsor Castle. What an accumulation of comfort, refinement, and artistic delights had been going on during these long centuries! It was a lonely, remote part of the country, thinly peopled, with other castles of other thanes, who did not seem to cultivate much intercourse with each other, and for the most part spend most of their time away from their stately homes. We had a gay festive dinner-party one evening, but the castle people told me that, spending one season at home, they had hardly a call, always excepting the local clergy, for three months. I suppose that the adjoining estates were shy of their overshadowing neighbour. Castles

and cottages do not amalgamate easily. As a rule, too, the cottage people are prouder than the castle people. The pony-basket carriage will seldom get on amicable terms with the chariot and footman. This is how I account for that curious story of solitary grandeur.

Then I think of another castle whose history is a chapter of English history. It bore its part in the Wars of the Roses and the wars of the Commonwealth. Some of the owners have laid their heads upon Tudor blocks. There are ghosts and legends associated with dungeons and hiding-places, galleries and state-chamber. The whole plan is full of destruction and reconstruction. It reminds me constantly of the lines in 'The Princess':

"The splendour falls on castled walls
And snowy summits grey in story
The long light shakes across the lakes."

But I am not able truthfully to aver that any wild "cataract leaps in glory." The cataract is conspicuous by its absence. As if to give compensation for the wild marred troublous days, the well-earned peace has come at last with the full cornucopia of blessings. The most unfavourable opinion that can be passed is that the grand old castle is like an hotel with a stream of visitors passing through it, and the guests have all those luxuries and amusements which Lady John Manners has so graphically described to us. Certainly there is so much that is so very pleasant in the way of society. The Judge who is going Circuit, or the Bishop who is on a confirmation tour, sojourn for a night or two. They have an official claim on the local hospitality. The talk of Judges and of Bishops is always good. The Judge tells you that he can get a little rest now that he has left off practice for a seat on the Bench. The statesman has come down from the Friday to the Monday. The great Oxford Don has put in a much-desired appearance. The authors or artists that have leaped into sudden celebrity have received a special invitation. The celebrated beauty and the celebrated wit are not absent. And yet I am not happy. There are still points of contrast to be drawn which are not altogether in favour of the castle:

First of all, in the matter of peace and permanence. Unless you are a fixture in the castle—when all the ordinary conditions are quite different—the scene is very much like the shifting of a kaleidoscope. You come and go with the tide.

You do not get the homelike feeling, or, if you do, you move on as soon as you arrive at that happy state of mind. Even to your host and hostess a change to comparative stillness is not unwelcome. I know of a duke who has magnificent state-rooms, but no rooms of a medium size, only small podgy apartments. And when his visitors go away, he and his people live in the small podgy living apartment, which is not much bigger than my cottage apartment. The other day he was taught that he is only a *roi fainéant*. He met a rustic coming through a private path in the wood. Said the Duke, "What business have you here? Whom do you want to see?" "I want to see head man." "Well, I suppose I'm the Head man. I am the Duke." The rustic scratched his head. "You may be the Duke," he said, "but you're not the head man. Steward's head man." The man on the top of a social pinnacle must find it quite an acrobatic feat to balance himself properly.

Again, I really think that one sees more of society, using the word in its broader and more generous sense, in the cottage than in the castle. One would imagine that a man with a first-class ticket might go second, third or parliamentary, or that a man with a private box might go where he liked in the house. Practically, however, this is not the case. We are all too "groovy." The man who has his box stops in it, though he sees some friends in the stalls, and knows that some of the best theatrical critics are in the first row of the pit. The man who goes first-class stops in his first-class carriage; stops there, although he has the carriage to himself, and all the fun and talk seem to be going on in the adjacent second-class or third-class compartments. When the theatres have been thrown open gratuitously in London and Paris, it is found that there is no confusion; that the box-people naturally go to the boxes, and the gallery people to the galleries. If I am to go in a groove, I would rather go in the biggest groove, where the ascent and descent—observe, I am not defining which is the descent and which the ascent—are most practicable. There are

"Girdles of the middle mountain, happy, blest with fruit and flower,
Distant from ignoble weakness, distant from the height of power."

Of course I am now taking the case of a citizen of the world, who has his own sufficient reasons for staying in his cottage, and not arguing about the *fors clavigera* which, nevertheless, presents a very arguable case. How well Cowper puts the

calm rest of "the cottager that sits at her own door!" It is of course manifest that if you are in the middle you see more of the extremes than the extremes can see of each other. I have very good neighbours in my cottage. There is a young medical man just beginning life in a cottage hard by, and in another is the curate, and in the third is a National Schoolmaster. We are all good friends together, and from a point of vantage I can run up and down the social scales.

Castles and cottages suggest two different kinds of clergymen. Chaplaincies to noblemen, except as a mere honorary distinction, are growing scarce. Still there are chaplains that adhere to the castles. They remind me very much of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain. I know of few pleasanter mornings than those which I have spent with such, going over the literary and artistic treasures of a great house, which perhaps they know much better than the owners, pointing out the chief beauties of the tall copies, the manuscripts, the missals, and giving you a *catalogue raisonnée* of all the art treasures. Probably the chapel is in the house, and for evening prayers guests and domestics, some sixty strong, come together. Or the tiny church is hid away in the glade of the park, or close at hand in the little village which comes up to the park gates. Your castle chaplain has a very pleasant time of it during the shooting season, when his people and their friends are down. Then perhaps he is a trifle solitary, for he has comparatively little priestly work to do, but he goes deeper than ever into his books; and he is one of the few people from whom you still have patristic quotations, or listen to the long roll of the Greek hexameter.

Among the cottagers you meet your model modern parson. In spite of Radicals and Dissenters he has a seat at the School Board, and in a way really enjoys it. He is one of the Board of Guardians. He holds his own in the local papers, and it is even whispered that he writes for some in London. He is great at lawn tennis, and a great factor in keeping county society together. If sometimes he errs in not visiting the cottages sufficiently, he has a clerical brother who goes to the other extreme, who knows every man, woman and child in his parish, as well as he knows the members of his own household. I know of one man who will call on some of his cottagers three times a week; he would hardly do the same thing with the castle. As one poor man, who fallaciously thought his cottage

was his castle put it to me : " How would you like it yourself ? " Such a pastor hardly believes in the seed growing secretly. He likes to take it up and examine how it is growing.

In the matter of books, moreover, the cottage is at no disadvantage with the castle. Of course I know that there are castles that have libraries of countless price. Their owners have brought back a whole wealth of books, gleanings from monasteries and palaces, precious specimens of early print or scarce editions, pictures described by Wagen, busts by Chantrey and Canova, curious engravings and devices of art that help the literary matter. It is a great pleasure to take down books, where Bacon has written his autograph and Selden has made his annotations. I notice that where there is a grand historical library, the series often break off abruptly, and there is a great lack of modern literature, except those books which no gentleman's library ought to be without, and which, as Charles Lamb says, no gentleman ever reads. As a matter of fact, the men who in these days haunt the billiard-room, the card-room, and the smoking-rooms, and copiously imbibe foaming beakers, with little bits of ice bobbing about, are not, as a rule, very much given to serious reading. And where you have the newspapers and magazines, and light literature of the day, there is rather a lack of books of reference, and the grand classics of the languages. Now at the cottage I have all the books I want for ready serviceable use. There are a few constant companions, and nothing sweetens either cottage or castle so much as reading, even only for a short time every day, some portion of a really great author. Then I have my lighter books from Smith or Mudie, or my fifteen-volume box from the London Library, and if these are not enough, I can make out a list for future consultation in the Bodleian or the Reading Room of the British Museum. I think that for all practical purposes this travelling library, where I can always exchange books by post or parcel, is handier and more useful even than the immense resources of some of the castle libraries. I think it is true in the experience of most men that they read the books which they borrow more than those which they possess.

As I move about the country I often meet with cottages on wheels and cottages on the water. I have often thought that I should like to rove about the country in a gipsy caravan, where life seems a perpetual picnic, with the pot swinging over the wood fire in the open air, and liberal sunshine. I am afraid

that if the horse has been surreptitiously turned into the meadow, or hare and bird snared in the covert, I have a weak corner in my mind for each picturesque and semi-poetic villainy. Matthew Arnold's fine poem of the Scholar Gipsy is always sufficient to give a taste for the cottage on wheels and the nomadic life. Things are not always so cheerily picturesque in their abodes. I always cultivate friendly relations with such nomadic folk, and once I found that one or two of the inmates were seriously ill, and the only thing that I could do was to secure the services of the doctor of the parish in which this Scythian waggon was placed. Then as for the water-cottages. Not far from my humble cottage abode was the wide district of the Norfolk Broads. Now on the Thames you get the house-boat, which is often grand enough to be a castle-boat. But on the Norfolk Broads, you constantly meet with what may be called cottage-boats.

I think upon the whole that those Norfolk Broads have been over-visited and over-praised. To Norfolk people, and to people who cannot get far beyond Norfolk, they are very pleasant, and indeed they have picturesque features for those who have gone far to exhaust scenic beauty. Coming one night upon one of the largest of these Broads in the young moonlight, with dense foliage and gentle eminences around, I was irresistibly reminded of some of the milder Italian lakes farthest removed from the snowy range, such as Orta and Varese. It is best to get down to these Broads either in the early spring, when the fresh vivid tender greens are on, or later amid the varied tints of the later autumn. In either case you avoid the crowd of tourists who come during the summer months.

One afternoon, in the later autumn, moving softly through the lush green grass and underwood, I came upon one of these cottage-boats. Two men were there, smoking on the bank, a wandering parson and a traveller of the very widest experience. We did some smoke and talk together, and in genial fashion fraternized. It was the only boat on the small inland sea. It was not originally anything more than a barge. The accommodation was very limited. There was a fore-cabin, in which two ladies could sleep, and the living-room in the daytime could be turned into a sleeping-room at night for the two mariners. It was a veritable cottage, with very little of the luxury of a yacht or a house-boat, but still charming in its way. Where the man and boy who belonged to the floating

cot were stowed away passed my ingenuity to discover. A lamp swung overhead, a shelf filled with novels was at hand, and the resources of comestibles and strong waters seemed inexhaustible. There was a little dingy close by, through which communication was kept up between the shore and the boat. The commissariat always requires careful attention, as while traversing the various sheets of water and the connecting water-ways you may pass day after day away from the shops. Of course we had out the maps of the district and a considerable proportion of the large literature of the Broads. Then we went out into the fresh air, through the fast-falling rain, to inspect the fishing-tackle, and some splendid jack were landed, the finest and prevalent fish of these waters. I did not wait for the seven o'clock dinner, as I was off to see some of the more distant and less frequented Broads.

I saw no more of the quaint interior of these cottage-boats. I found that the hire of one of them would be about ten pounds a week, but I saw a good deal of the cottagers on the shores. The best way to get a comprehensive view of the Broads is from the roof of some big church tower. I slept in the cleanly bedrooms of humble hostels and rustics, and I hobnobbed our tumblers. They told me a great deal about the restrictions on the navigation of the Broads, in some cases an iron chain being stretched across the stream, as in the case of the harbours of Dartmouth and Fowey. They contended that there was a right of way wherever the tide went. One man I met who for many years had passed most of his days on the Broads. He described to me a tremendous storm on the Heigham Broad, the largest and remotest of all. The sheet of water was violently agitated, and it was as much as he could do to save his life. In the midst of the storm a flash of lightning set fire to a hayrick close at hand, and the flames added to the weird horror of the scene. It very rarely happened indeed that so much fish was caught that much had to be flung away; that was all a bit of exaggeration. The great thing to do was to know where there was a clear gravelly bottom, for there the best and most wholesome pike would be caught. And the pike being caught, the next question was how best to cook them, about which I found that there were different theories, leading, however, practically to the same result. Then there was talk of smelt and grey mullet, and the quaint eel-houses were pointed out. Talking about one of the parsons, a cottager denounced him as an "old

hulk;" and on requesting him to define the meaning of the expression, he said that he did not visit the cottages, but chiefly spent his time in eating and drinking in the big houses. My cottager has often verified the text, "The rich man is wise in his own conceit, but the poor that hath understanding searcheth him out."

I know of some men who have gone to live in the East-end of London, and have made themselves thorough East-enders, that they may understand the East-end. If a man would thoroughly understand the agricultural mind, he must make himself as one of the labourers, in their cottages, in their coffee-houses—which are very few—and in their publics, which are very many. I am sorry to say that the beer is often muddy, and the opinions are often as muddy as the beer. Our masters still require a considerable amount of political education. I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of my political masters, but the bucolic mind is still, let us say to some extent, Bœotian. I found it very difficult to make country children understand messages correctly, and their mistakes might possibly have awkward consequences. I go to a country station some miles off to meet a fat but most excellent friend, and he has contrived to lose his train. I am very sorry, but I cannot wait for the next train. I am inexorably due somewhere else. So I call a country lad and describe my friend, who could hardly be mistaken for anybody else, and leave a message for him.

"You are to tell him," I said, "that I am very sorry that I am not able to wait for him, but all he has to do is to walk straight on."

"Yes, zur, it be all right."

However, to insure accuracy, I asked him to repeat what he had to say.

"Well, zur, I be to tell him that yer baint a-going to wait for him, and he be to go about his business."

I tried to coach him up in a more accurate rendering of my message, and my kind friend appeared without any indication of any slight.

Then one day I spoke to a bucolic young maiden.

"So you are going into town to buy something for the lady—what is it?"

"Please, sir, it be a pumpkin."

"I don't think we want a pumpkin. It must be something else."

She reflected for a minute, and then said, "Yes, sir, I be wrong. It be a bumpkin."

I answered gravely, and with a gentle satire that, I am afraid, was lost on the occasion. "I don't think it is a bumpkin, Mary, we have one already in the house."

The girl went away, and then came back to say that it was a bodkin that was wanted.

I do not know, however, why we should blame the cottagers for inaccuracy. We find just the same sort of thing among the people who live in castles. I bring down to my cottage a collection of political Diarists, and I find they are full of the blunders of clever castle people. As the great people don't call on me as a humble cottager, I will call upon them, or their books, for a social chat. It makes a great deal of difference in what sort of place you are living and in what sort of vehicle you are driving. One day I was entering a small town in a dog-cart and pair, and a small farmer, or apparently such, respectfully raised his hat. In the afternoon I met him on foot and he favoured me with a solid stare. It was so very clear that he had only lifted his hat to the horses.

I have by me a quantity of Autobiographies, Reminiscences, and Memoirs. Now in looking through these volumes again and again, I notice the record of careless blunders of which any cottagers might be ashamed. The Duke of Wellington, as usual, comes out all right, in one of Croker's narratives. Instead of making a blunder when he is in a cottage, he obtains valuable information which he turns to admirable account. In stress of bad weather in the South of France, he lodged with a good old priest, the curé of the little village of St. Pé. For two rainy days in that remote and muddy village, the Duke talked incessantly with the curé, and so impressed was he with the pastor's views, that he sent a despatch on the subject to his Government in England, and also to the French Government, in consequence of which the Dauphin came out immediately. "When the business was done," said the Duke of Wellington, "I did not forget the old priest. He would not quit his little parish, but the King did something for him which made him happy. He did not, however, live long to enjoy it." The moral of the story is that the biggest castle people may learn much from the cottagers.

We read a great deal of the history of England in our castles. In fact, the castles are a sort of a petrification of the history. Any

one who knows much of the special and particular history will have an extensive and curious knowledge of the general history. The archives of castles have already been largely explored and their contents published, and they are still rich with heirlooms and traditions. The cottages have gathered round the castles, nestling round their base, for the purposes of protection and defence, and, in a measure, sharing or reflecting their history. And in those very few castles of which I have any personal knowledge, I do not think I know one in which the people of the castle do not take the liveliest interest in the people of the cottage. I have been touched sometimes to observe the positive intimacy and friendship that exist between the two.

These cottages have also their own historic interests. The cottage changes, of course, much more than the castle, but I think the cottage people change much less than the castle people. They are much less given to new places and are much more impervious to new ideas. I know old-world villages, lying out of the great road, and which the railways have left much more solitary than they used to be, where the country folk can have altered very little from the time of the Stuarts, or even of the Plantagenets. The stream of their history has flowed on quietly with few ripples and eddies, depositing much sediment in its course, but retaining so much of its folk-lore, traditions, observances, and modes of speech. These are the happy hunting-grounds on which such novelists as Mr. Hardy expatiate as did the pastoral poets of yore. It is very interesting to note the great affection with which the cottager will regard his homestead. "I only hope that I do not love it too much," said one humble householder to me. Once when an easy-chair or sofa was added to her few sticks at home, a poor woman expressed a pious fear lest she should be "having her portion in this life." "Home is home, be it ever so humble," said a Duke of Marlborough, when he came back from a country vicarage to his palace at Blenheim, and conversely, many a cottager regards his home as a palace.

It must be borne in mind that there is a constant process by which cottagers tend towards the castles, and the descendants of the castle owners come to live in cottages. The labouring class is not a class, but the stuff and staple from which all classes are made. How well Tennyson brings out the lot of the two cottagers, one of whom attains to greatness, and the other, perhaps still happier, remains *adscriptus glebæ*, in the well-remembered lines of *In Memoriam*.

"Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green :

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

and compares him with the old companion of the cottage days,

"Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands,
'Does my old friend remember me?'"

It is well known that the ecclesiastical garment, the chasuble, on which so much ecclesiastical ingenuity has been spent—for a clergyman once said that he had given seven years' study to the subject of St. Paul's cloak, and had come to the conclusion that it was a chasuble—is simply a form of the word *casula*, a diminutive of *casa*, a cottage. It was the garment in which the Roman peasant wrapped himself up, and endearingly called it *casula*, my little cottage. The word, however, is applied, not only to the raiment, but the forms which the raiment invests. The word is applied to the body tenanted by the lamp of the soul. Every one knows the familiar lines

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
Lets in new light by rifts that time has made."

Lord Beaconsfield's young lady is made to say that we have all been fishes and are all going to be crows. We may say that those who have lived in cottages will hereafter live in castles. After all, there is the idea of limitation and restriction in the cottage, but the sense of space and power in the castle. We do not want to be divested, but superinvested ; to be clothed upon with the house not made with hands. The *mens divini* will then have ample scope and verge enough ; the eye unsatisfied with seeing, the ear unsatisfied with hearing, will have enough. It was the aspiration of Benjamin Franklin, the statesman and printer, in his self-written epitaph, that he would revive in a new and improved edition corrected by the Author, and we may hope that when the human cottages crumble into decay, they will be replaced by the abiding castles of eternity.

A Pounding Match.



IT was a bright autumn day, upwards of thirty years ago, when the western shores of the Chersonese were literally swarming with the armies of England, France, Italy and Turkey—the grim despot of the North, as he was then considered (not the “divine figure from the North,” as he has since been described in a journal which usually manages to uphold the interests of every country but its own!), had been bearded and defeated by them, and his great stronghold, Sebastopol, after a siege of nearly twelve months, had fallen. Relieved from the dangers, the anxiety, and the monotony of the siege, our soldiers, as is their wont, were utilizing, in every way that they could, the leisure hours that were not spent in making roads: and consequently, theatricals, cricket, racing, and steeplechasing were being prosecuted with the usual British vigour in every regiment and division. “Are you coming up to the monastery to-day?” a young Guardsman asked a friend of his in the Highland Brigade, when they happened to meet each other riding through the streets of Kadikoi where they were employed in collecting edibles for the day’s consumption of their respective messes. “Why?” replied the other. “Why, indeed? and haven’t you heard,” said the Guardsman, “of the steeplechases there this afternoon, and hasn’t even the news of the famous ‘pounding-match’ reached your camp at distant Kamara?” “Oh! by the way,” rejoined the other, “now you mention it, I do remember hearing something about the races, but the place is such a long way from our camp, I thought it was hardly worth while going.” “Oh! but you should come. There are sure to be large fields, and besides I want you to pick me up if I have a ‘spill,’ for I’m going to ride in one of the races myself. Then there’s to be a race open to the French army only, and that’s certain to be great fun, let alone the ‘pounding-match’ which is to be decided to-day” “Why what’s that?”

asked his friend. "Oh! that's a great game intirely, as they say in 'ould 'Oireland—do you remember that horse of Roberts's in the Cavalry,—'Roll-Call,'—who won all the big races last year and the little Arab, 'The Gem,' that won all the Galloway races? Well, the two have been matched together at a difference of nearly three stone over the old Steeple-chase Course, and they are to go three times round it; but the best of the fun, I'm told, is that each side has had the making up of half the fences, so that they are sure to be pretty stiff ones." "But what earthly chance can The Gem have against Roll-Call? why, he won't be able to get over the course once, the idea is simply ridiculous; and as for going round three times, it's a sheer impossibility!" "Thereby hangs a tale," replied the Guardsman, "but I think I can let you into a secret. I don't believe they do expect The Gem will get over the course, but they have a mare in the same stable, 'Cinderella,' who would sweep the board out here, and also carry off all the Sultan's Cups down at Scutari, if Roll-Call were only out of the way; and, as their party has got the making up of the post and rails, they mean to make them so stiff that Roll-Call will be sure to come to grief over them. Perhaps it's very uncharitable to say so, but I cannot help thinking that must be their idea, from what I've heard; anyhow Roll-Call's owner seems to imagine so, and yet he thinks he can beat them at their own game, for he says they have no possible notion of how good his horse is, or of what he can do, and that he is a regular 'smasher' across a country. I strongly advise you to come. You can gallop back to Kamara in time for mess, as there is sure to be a good moon early this evening." His friend agreed to join him, and they cantered off together to the scene of the contest.

The place chosen for the steeplechases was a very good one, not far from the Monastery of St. George, which formed the head-quarters of the English telegraphic department. All the spectators were enabled to observe what was passing, from the higher ground on either side sloping down to the valley in which the race-course had been made. The fences were, perforce, artificial ones, but a good deal of trouble and expense had made the course by no means a bad one, whilst the stands erected for the occasion were infinitely superior to many that are found on country race-courses in England of some pretension. What with the sutlers' tents, the artillery waggons with refreshments for the inner man, the many flags indicating the course and ornamenting the enclosures and *tribunes*, as the French called

them, the gaudy colours of the riders, and the great variety of uniforms, English, French, Sardinian and Turkish, there was gathered as gay and motley an assemblage as the eye could wish. Few indeed, looking upon the scene, could have guessed that, shut out by the rising ground, the great city which had stood a siege, in importance and results eclipsing that of ancient Troy and quite unequalled in those days, the great Sebastopol itself, with its buildings and edifices in ruins, its streets desolate and paved with iron, and all its fortifications and defences merged into one huge graveyard, lay within four short miles.

Who could have thought that those very spectators, looking so free from care and anxiety, engrossed with the prospect of the day's racing, were the same men who had just emerged from that fierce struggle which at one time threatened to convulse all Europe; from that battle of giants, upon whose desperate conflict for supremacy the whole civilized world had been for so many months gazing with astonishment and awe? Ah! but a soldier's life must be ever thus—the grave and the gay must be ever intermingled—were it not so, who would be a soldier? Were it not for all the glitter and pomp and pageantry of war, what youngster would ever “seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth?”

The first race was on the flat, and consequently did not create much interest, as British officers are more addicted to what is known as the “jumping” game in more senses than one. But the next, though also on the flat, was calculated to excite considerable diversion, for it was for a prize given for horses *bond fide* the property of, and to be ridden by, officers of the French army; and at that time our gallant allies, with but rare exceptions, had not shown that predilection for racing which Napoleon III. subsequently fostered among them during the later and halcyon days of the Empire. One brilliant exception, however, must in common justice be noted—one, alas! no more—the late Vicomte Talon, who at the different race-meetings in the Crimea could always hold his own with our best riders. The distance was only half a mile, and some twenty started, most of whom, to the intense amusement of the spectators, began flogging and spurring the moment the flag fell. It says much, however, for the excellent discipline maintained in the French army, that, after an exciting set-to, with elbows and legs going like windmills, and loose reins held high over their horses' heads, the only General who rode in the race came in first, followed by the next in

military rank at a respectful distance ; the subalterns, as in duty bound, in the words of a celebrated despatch, *manœuvring skilfully in the rear !*

The next race was won very easily by an Indian Arab, about whom rather an amusing incident was current in the camp. He belonged to an officer in the Artillery, who was known to be a pretty good adept at "placing" anything that could race at all in the company which suited him best. The race in question had been the subject of a good deal of speculation in the respective camps, and a very strong favourite had been established. The night before the meeting, the owner of the Arab had given a dinner-party to some choice racing spirits, including, among others, a well-known Guardsman, whose burly form and cheery face has since become almost a household word in English sporting circles. The subject of the race having been brought upon the *tapis*, the Arab's owner offered to back the field against any two others in the race. The bet was promptly accepted to a fair amount by the Guardsman, on the condition that he was not to disclose the names till after the race ; they were to be written down on a piece of paper next morning, and enclosed in a sealed envelope, to be opened the following evening. After dinner the host casually remarked that perhaps the company would like to have a look at his "outsider," and led the way to the stables. Anybody who is conversant with Arabs will know that no horse looks more unlike racing than an Arab does in a stable ; it is only when in motion that he shows what his capabilities are ; and naturally, in this case, the onlookers were not likely to be much impressed with what they saw. Next day, however—though by the rules of the race he was carrying a stone extra—he made mincemeat of all his opponents ; but to his owner's horror, when the sealed envelope was opened after the race, it was found that the cheery, wily Guardsman had written down the name of the favourite coupled with that of the Arab, although he had had some dozen horses to choose from ! a real case of diamond cut diamond !

And now came the race of the day, *par excellence*, the great "pounding-match." Both animals were in as good training as could be expected from horses whose usual fare was barley and chopped straw, oats and hay being an extra on "banyan" days, to be obtained only by dint of begging, borrowing, stealing, and such-like questionable methods of procedure. The little Gem, though but fourteen hands high, was a perfect horse in

miniature, a real "*multum in parvo*," very plain-looking, but with grand loins and chest and a good shoulder—a most unusual thing in an Arab; he looked too as if he thoroughly understood the great task which had been set him, and tossed his little head about with an air of defiance, as much as to say that he would do or die. Superintending the saddling were his owner and the gallant Jack Topham of the Rifle Brigade, and, as the former gave the latter a leg up in the saddle, he whispered to him, "Now remember, Jack, whatever happens I don't want you to hurt yourself, if you can help it. You know they're all made fences, although they are pretty stiff; but the little beggar's as active as a cat, so you must just use your own judgment and let him scramble them if he likes. Don't go too fast, for you've got to go three times round, and, if he's blown, that post and rails will be an awkward customer at the finish. By the way, that's the only one I really funk for you. I think you might possibly manage it without a fall if you take it easy, and try it in and out in a sort of 'slantingdicular' direction; but, between ourselves, I think your best plan would be to let Roll-Call negotiate it before you do, and then *see how he leaves it!*" "All right," said Jack, one of our best riders out there, "you may depend upon me, though the course is certainly a precious stiff one; but it isn't the first time by many that I have ridden for a fall, and I dare say it won't be the last; it's wonderful how easy it becomes when you're accustomed to it!" In the meanwhile, Roll-Call, a really fine specimen of the English hunter, was being got ready in another part of the enclosure, surrounded by an admiring crowd, and the betting settled down at 5 to 2 freely offered on him.

Loud cheers greeted his preliminary canter past the Stand, and, as he moved over the ground with his long, free, easy stride, he looked every inch the gentleman. Close behind him came The Gem; there was somewhat of a derisive laugh when he first showed, but as soon as Jack Topham sent him along over the flight of hurdles in front of the Stand, and the crowd saw the way he tucked his hind legs under him as he came bounding along like a cricket-ball, there were not a few who began to think that, with the difference of nearly three stone between them in the three miles, the well-known endurance of the little Arab might bring him to the front at the end, *if only he could get over the post and rails!*

There were eight fences in all, and the course being a little more than a mile in circumference, the match was in reality over three and a quarter miles of ground, with twenty-four "obstacles," as the French called them. The first one opposite the Stand was a good flight of well-bushed hurdles; these they had to cross twice in the first round, immediately after the start and in the run-in. The next fence was a double wall, which had to be built of earth, as there were no stones at hand; whilst the following one was a similar kind of affair, with a sort of *chevaux-de-frise* both at the top and in front to represent a hedge. The fourth was the water-jump; this consisted of the original brook which had been prepared for the previous steeplechase meeting, with a wall built on the landing-side, and another brook of a similar size beyond it, both the ground at the take-off and landing being bushed; the width altogether was some thirty feet. The next two fences were not so important, although all had been doubled since the previous meeting; and the seventh was the famous double post and rails, firmly secured in the ground and made of genuine strong timber. It really was not a fair jump, for the fences were so far apart it was impossible to "fly" them and yet too near for a big horse like Roll-Call to go "in and out." The Gem might possibly, if he ever got so far, have managed them sideways, but the whole thing was very cramped and awkward in any case.

"They're off!" shouted hundreds of voices, as the flag fell, and Roll-Call was seen striding along with his diminutive antagonist at his quarters. Both rose at the hurdles in front of the stand, The Gem, however, struck the top, and came upon one knee, but quickly recovered himself without unseating his rider, and was alongside of his gigantic opponent in a trice. "Bravo, little 'un!" roared a well-known voice, as the Arab cleverly topped the wall and landed safely on the other side, whilst Roll-Call hopped over it like a bird. Then went up a groan from many lips as The Gem got entangled in the *chevaux-de-frise* at the next fence and came down, this time sending Jack Topham further than he intended to go, but yet not so far but that he picked himself up in a second and threw the bridle, of which he had never lost hold, over the little horse's head again. A friendly bystander gave him a leg up, and away he went, very little the worse, in the wake of the magnificent bay. There was, as usual, a large crowd gathered at the brook, and opinion was much divided as to whether Roll-Call and his resolute

rider would get a fall here, or whether, in the clever way horses negotiate Irish banks, he would make a sort of double jump of the two brooks by striking the bank between them with his heels. Few, however, were prepared for what actually occurred, for the gallant Major riding him, though he had been nursing his horse very tenderly hitherto, when about forty yards from the brook, touched him lightly with the spur, shook his head up, set him going in real earnest, and, sitting down in the saddle, sent him at it with a vengeance. Never were energy and pluck more successful; for taking off just at the right place and moment, and going at it, to use an American expression, like a flash of greased lightning, Roll-Call made one of the finest jumps imaginable, and cleared both brooks and wall in one magnificent bound, landing all right, with two or three inches to spare, amidst the loud cheers and unbounded enthusiasm of all who witnessed it.

Not so, however, the poor little Gem, to whom, of course, such a feat was an impossibility. His rider, knowing that the water was not very deep, had made up his mind that, if he could only get him to jump *into the second brook*, he could probably get out of the scrape somehow without much damage. So he took his feet out of the stirrups, to be prepared for all contingencies, and left the pony to negotiate the affair in his own way, taking care at the same time to keep him going well within himself. The clever little fellow cleared the first water by jumping on to the wall, when, unfortunately, just as he was in the act of springing over the second brook, the top of it crumpled away under his hind legs, and he came down with his chest against the opposite bank and his hind legs in the water. Jack's activity, however, saved him, for although, as mentioned above, he had already cleared himself from the stirrups, he had got good hold of the reins; he was thrown forward on his head, but the ground was not very hard nor his head very soft, so he was quickly on his legs again, helping The Gem to scramble out. In the meantime Roll-Call had made a mistake at the next fence, and this gave the Arab an opportunity for making up his lost ground, only, however, to peck on to his nose at the same spot. But, as before, his agility saved him from much damage; and the two were soon again side by side going at an easy gallop, whilst both got over the double-wall without mishap.

They were now, however, approaching the dreaded double-

post and rails. Mindful of his instructions, Jack thought that, with a little of what jockeys call "kidding," he might ensure their being carried out in rather a clever way. He knew he could pull up his horse quicker than the other, and that Roll-Call was rather difficult to hold when excited; and he therefore concluded that if they settled down to real galloping, he could force his opponent to show him the way over the rails, and with this idea he at once sent The Gem along at his best pace. But these calculations proved to be wrong, for although Roll-Call kept alongside, he was going so well within himself that as they approached the objectionable fence, Jack was constrained to slacken speed, when, to his dismay, so did the other! On they went, however, going gradually slower and slower till they got close to it, when he pulled up, and so did Roll-Call!!

Both riders had had the same orders, which it appears were to let the other take precedence at this particular fence! Jack politely waved his hand to Roll-Call's rider; but the latter, with the same suavity of manner and courtesy, also waved his hand in the direction of the rails, to show that he yielded his right to go first. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war! To the amusement then of all assembled, neither was permitted, according to the instructions received from their horse's respective owners, to show the way, though both riders gallantly pleaded for leave to do so.

The spectators at the different parts of the course now all galloped up to the spot, observing that something unusual had happened, and for a good half-hour the question was freely discussed by the partisans of each; but both owners, having previously made up their minds that "*le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*," the affair ended in smoke, and the great match fell to the ground—"off by consent"! Perhaps it was as well that it did so, for Roll-Call had already made one mistake and The Gem four, although they had not traversed a third of the distance required; but still it was a somewhat unfortunate *dénouement* in such a locality with so many foreigners looking on. It would, however, have been almost madness had they continued the race, for what the horses had already done proved indisputably that it was an almost impossible course, whilst our gallant allies had recently been eye-witnesses of British pluck and endurance under difficulties too often to attribute to faint-heartedness, what in reality was a somewhat tardy offering to Common Sense.

RANDOLPH STEWART.

To a Nut-brown Maid.

(FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF 'JULIO DINIZ.')

MAIDEN tell me why
Hangs thy head for shame :
Can thine olive brow
Bring thee aught of blame ?
Blame to thee, whose glance
Sets my heart aglow !
Dost thou envy maids
White and cold as snow ?
Lift, ah lift thy face to me,
Heaven else will punish thee !

Maiden did'st thou know
What sweet charms are thine,
Spells of artless art
Could'st thou but divine ;
Quick were fled thy grief,
Quickly dried thy tears,
Raised thy drooping head,
Banished all thy fears.
Let not roses envied be,
What is fairest rose to thee ?

Why thy cheek is dark,
Maiden, would'st thou know ?
I thine own true love
Will to have it so—
This the magic is
Sets my heart on fire—

Dost thou murmur still ?
Still dost more desire ?
Nay, thou couldst not fairer be,
Wert thou white as ivory.

'Tis thy sun-kissed face
Lends a double light
To thy flashing eyes,
Radiantly bright,
Innocently wild,
Wet with pearly dew,
As a tender tear
Trembles into view.
Or, if perchance a smile it be,
How thy smile enchanteth me !

Silly little maid,
Weeping for thy face :
Weeping, while the girls
Envy thee thy grace,
To resemble thee
Longing all in vain.
Never, foolish child,
So lament again.
Fie ! a cruel heart it shows
Thus to grudge the pallid rose.

Ah what winning grace
Lurks in thy distress,
Simple self-distrust,
Maiden bashfulness !
See ! a merry smile
Flashes forth again,
Gleaming in thine eyes,
Sunshine after rain.
Nut-brown maiden, never more
Shalt thou sunny cheeks deplore. †

R. H. M. E.

Ornamental Tree and Shrub Planting.



“ Be aye stickin’ in a tree, Jock ; ’twill aye be growin’ while ye’re sleepin’ ! ”

WE are said to be a tree-planting people, and certainly the desire to plant trees seems instinctive in all who take an interest in country matters. For the sake of those who come after us, the planting of trees, both for timber and ornament, should be regarded as a duty. Had it not been for the work of early tree-planters we should have been deprived of much of the landscape-beauty of these islands, a beauty derived from the wealth of noble foreign trees that thickly stud the land from John o’Groats to Land’s End. One can scarcely imagine what our English landscape would be like without these foreign trees, when we reflect upon the poverty of our native tree-flora. Such a multitude of exotics have become naturalised among us, that few people know the native from the foreign. We have, as true natives, only about a score of large deciduous, or summer-leaving trees, and but four evergreen trees, the Scotch Pine, the Yew, Holly, and Box ; the rest have come to us from foreign lands.

The stately growth that adorns almost every old estate in this country is the work of planters a century or more ago. They bequeathed to us those noble trees we now admire in their mature beauty or picturesque decay ; the Lebanon Cedars, Silver Firs, Pines, Walnuts, Oaks, Horse Chestnuts, Sweet Chestnuts, Planes, and a host of others, which, being so familiar to us, are apt to be looked upon as the natural products of our soil. The planters of the last century looked a hundred years ahead ; they planted wisely ; they never expected to enjoy the beauty of the matured growth of their trees, for no generation can see the full effect of the planting carried out by that preceding it. Is it not the duty, then, of every generation

to plant so as to leave to posterity young trees to replace the multitudes that must every year succumb to the ravages of time and accident?

Our forefathers took a keen interest in the pursuit, and when we consider that before the middle of the seventeenth century extremely few foreign trees were known in England, we can appreciate their industry. The introduction and planting of exotic trees and shrubs in this country was commenced by Bishop Compton, who was Bishop of London from 1675 to 1713. He lived at Fulham Palace, and devoted a vast amount of time and means to his favourite hobby. He introduced trees from various regions, but from North America chiefly, and we owe to him the American Maples, Oaks, Acacias, Magnolias, Walnuts, Hickories, and other trees that are now the glory of so many old gardens. Many of the venerable old trees now in the garden at Fulham Palace were planted by the Bishop himself, and are particularly interesting, forming, as they do, a living link connecting that far-off generation of two centuries ago with the present. When once the taste for tree-planting had started, the fascinating pursuit attracted many influential people. Contemporary with the tree-planting Bishop, as he was called, was the celebrated John Evelyn, who also was a great enthusiast on the subject, and after him came numerous other tree-planting celebrities, among them being the Duke of Argyll, facetiously styled the tree-monger, who crammed his garden at Whitton, near Twickenham, "with divers kindes of outlandish trees." He was one of the chief patrons of arboriculture about the beginning of the last century, and by his influence contributed largely to spreading the taste. The Duchess of Beaufort too, about that period, did a great deal in planting; the famous gardens at Badminton, with its wealth of trees, owe much to her, and in like manner the Duke of Richmond embellished Goodwood with its Cedar groves, which are now among the finest in the kingdom. To these, and many lesser lights, are we indebted for the grand exotic tree-growth which still adorns England, but is fast disappearing; and unless greater activity is displayed in replacing these old specimens, the next generation of tree-lovers will not thank us.

But we of the present day have not been altogether inactive in the matter. We have planted more, perhaps, during the past fifty years than was done in the whole previous century. But

our fault has been this ; we have not been content to profit by the results of the planting done by our forefathers. In our thirst for novelty, we have aimed at the substance and caught the shadow. In the last century planters were safe enough in introducing every tree that came from foreign countries, because those countries were somewhat akin to our own in point of climate, such as the Northern States of America, the Continent of Europe, and Asia Minor. The trees of these countries were for the most part suitable to our English soil and climate, and have, as results show, proved "trees of the future."

But within the past fifty years various countries have been explored for their trees, such as California, Mexico, Japan, China and the Himalayan region. All these have contributed a large number of trees and shrubs, chiefly evergreens, and it would be interesting if it were possible to foresee what proportion of these will become trees of the future, in the sense that the Cedar of Lebanon is, for example. Of the hundreds of kinds imported from these mild countries, perhaps not a score will enjoy an average life of a hundred years. Yet most of our tree-nurseries are crammed with these doubtful treasures, while it is not an easy matter to obtain a respectable Cedar of Lebanon ; since modern usage has proscribed old-fashioned trees, it does not pay nurserymen to grow and propagate them, so that new gardens must be planted with modern trees until fashion dictates otherwise.

In consequence of this, there is every year a vast amount of means and labour wasted, to the disappointment, not to say disgust, of those who had intended to plant for future effect and improvement of their gardens and parks. It would be folly on my part to attempt to argue that these modern trees are less beautiful than those which have proved themselves suitable for our somewhat capricious climate. On the contrary, the majority of these modern conifers are exceedingly beautiful in their juvenile stages, and though mostly unfitted to associate with the features of broad English landscape, they are capable of making the garden or home landscape very charming. It is the indiscriminate and unwise planting of these trees, on every kind of soil and in every situation, that does so much harm to the cause. In their proper place they are indispensable, and in every garden or plantation I would introduce those that were suitable to the soil and locality, but always in secondary positions. My principals would always be trees that I know would

grow and live on for generations, and become ultimately the salient features of the place.

There are two branches of arboriculture ; profitable planting, or the culture of trees for the sake of their timber, and ornamental planting, or that which applies to trees and shrubs used for the embellishment of the garden, park, or estate. As profitable planting, however, is a subject involving considerations quite different from ornamental planting, the two branches cannot be taken conjointly, and therefore I shall confine my remarks to the latter only.

What to plant ? how to plant ? when and where to plant ? are questions then that naturally occur to would-be planters ; especially to those who can ill afford to allow their purses or their gardens to suffer from experiments. A subject like this, that deals with a marvellous array of individuals—some thousands, in fact—obviously bristles with details which could not be considered here ; but there are broad lines that may be laid down for the guidance of novices, which, if followed, would save their pockets and obviate much of the disappointment that attends failures. Indiscreet selection, perhaps, contributes more to failure than any other cause, and is certainly the most prevalent fault, as any one who knows the subject and travels the country can see. Glaring examples of over-crowding are frequent in both shrubbery and plantation ; the result of planting too thickly, with apparently no regard to the relative growth of the different trees or shrubs. This state of things is to be seen in all kinds and sizes of garden, from the forecourt of the town and the suburban villa-garden to the broad acres of the country demesne. The small gardens are, as a rule, the worst in respect of over-crowdedness ; for the owners naturally like to get as much variety in their little plots as possible, and their shrubberies are, as a consequence, veritable “choke-muddles.” The shrubs are rarely seen fully developed, except the very commonest and the most vigorous, which in course of time overrun the choicer things, and oust them. The shrubberies are generally in the worst plight ; but often one sees great trees looking in at the windows, in consequence of having been planted too near the house. Again, trees of large growth, that when fully grown spread their branches twelve or fifteen feet on all sides, are commonly seen planted six feet apart ; consequently, not one can develop its natural beauty of growth. This thick planting is often done

under the false impression of producing "immediate effect," whereas the true way is to place the principal trees at proper distances, and fill the intervals with less important trees and shrubs that should be cut away as the principals spread.

The modern coniferous trees, such as the Deodar, Chili Pine or Monkey Puzzle (*Araucaria*), and the Wellingtonia, are among the worst offenders. They look so neat and pretty in their nursery stage, that the inexperienced are tempted to give them the most prominent places in their small gardens, little thinking that the baby trees will grow into adults, and cause trouble by monopolising too much space. The trees grow, their hungry roots feed so ravenously that they soon impoverish smaller plants. They, moreover, exclude light from the windows, and are a nuisance generally. This one-tree-in-a-plot style is repeated again and again throughout town and suburban gardens, rendering them monotonous and insipid.

Much of the tasteless planting one sees is the result of contract work, when no particulars are specified, and the contractor, unless he is unusually conscientious, plants the commonest kinds he can get: Laurels, Privets, Aucubas, Poplars, and such-like, being his usual ingredients. Or a nurseryman is asked to furnish the garden for so much, and he, too, plants the common things he has most of; or if no sum is mentioned, the temptation is generally too great for him to refrain from planting thickly and charging accordingly. These are common examples of indiscretion, and are less excusable than errors in the selection of trees and shrubs for particular soils and sites which will sometimes occur even if the planter has a practical knowledge of the subject, or is under professional guidance.

In ornamental tree-planting there are two points of paramount importance to consider. The first is soil; the second, locality or situation. The planter has little or no control over these conditions, although he may modify them slightly, and as trees and shrubs will not all grow under the same circumstances, it is obvious that a careful selection of kinds suited to particular soils and situations is important. Trees and shrubs that will thrive in a sheltered valley will not succeed if planted on a windy hillside; those that delight in a high and dry situation will not grow in a low damp spot. Some enjoy full exposure to sun, others prefer shade. The same holds good in regard to soils; trees like the Beech, that delight in a chalky soil, will not attain full development in sand or clay. An Oak will grow to

perfection in a deep sandy clay, or what is technically called loam, but refuses to thrive on sand or chalk. Such trees as the Ash, Elm and Acacia may be grown well on a gravelly soil, while the Scotch Pine, Birch, and Mountain Ash, are at home on the poorest of mountain soils. Our choice of trees is happily so great, that there is scarcely a soil or situation, whether it be high or low, exposed or sheltered, dry or wet, that cannot be planted with trees and shrubs suited to the conditions. This applies to all degrees of planting, whether it be a villa-garden of an acre in extent, or an estate of a thousand acres ; but obviously the more limited the area, the more restricted is the selection, and, on the other hand, the larger the area and the more diverse the conditions of soil and situation, the greater the variety of trees that can be planted.

The soil is the first point to consider before planting,—not only the surface soil, but the subsoil. So great is the variety to be found in these islands, that an attempt to classify them would not help us greatly. One finds about twenty distinct kinds of surface soil, and these fall into three main classes, which are clay, sand and chalk. An intermixture of these makes the different varieties ; thus, clay mixed with sand makes what is called a loam ; a stiff loam, if clay preponderates, and a sandy loam, if sand is in the largest proportion. Clay and chalk together make a marly soil. These mixtures form the basis of most surface soils, and their degrees of fertility vary according to the quantities of detritus and vegetable humus contained in them. What planters call a perfect soil, is one that is suitable for the growth of the greatest variety of trees and shrubs, and this is found to be a deep and loose sandy loam resting on gravel or sand. Such a soil is not uncommon, and fortunate indeed is the individual who pitches his house and garden upon it. The worst surface soils for trees are unmixed clay, sand or chalk, but even then it is astonishing to find what a number of trees will grow and thrive.

The planter, however, must take the soil as he finds it, and endeavour to improve the bad, although the work of amelioration cannot be done to any great extent without much expense, as in any alteration of the surface which involves much earth moving. But much may be done in deepening thin surface soils, lightening heavy clays, and making sandy soils heavier in localities where a variety exists. On some estates of even a few acres, one may find clay and sand with many

intermediate grades, and by mixing these, various degrees of lightness and heaviness may be obtained. In the case of small gardens, and especially those in or near towns, the difficulties are necessarily greater, and, as a rule, their owners have to be content with such as they have, and then should plant only the things that suit their soil.

The drainage of wet soils for tree-planting is of much importance, for stagnant moisture is inimical to the growth of most trees. Failures in planting, whether on a large or small scale, may often be attributed to excess of dampness in the soil. The hardiest trees will seldom thrive for long in an undrained wet soil, and the more tender kinds are sure to suffer sooner or later. Even high ground, when the subsoil is a retentive clay, may need draining. One can soon see whether a soil wants draining, by digging a hole about a yard deep, and allowing it to remain open for a few days. If in winter the water collects, even when there is no rain, and may be seen filtering in from the sides, drainage is essential. As a general rule, all heavy clay soils require it more or less, and the expense will be amply repaid by the health of the things planted, whether trees or vegetables.

The drainage being put right, we proceed to the soil itself preparatory to planting the trees. Unless the soil is garden-ground that has been constantly worked, it should be trenched, that is dug up, to a depth of eighteen inches, and in the operation the topmost layer should be sandwiched between the lower and the original middle spit. This is done because the top soil, being generally the best, is the medium in which the roots of the trees are planted, so that their food is ready at hand. Only the very poorest soils require manuring for tree-planting, therefore it is not worth considering, but decayed leaf-mould is beneficial anywhere. This trenching and digging should be done, if possible, a few weeks before the trees are planted, so that the ground has time to settle and the buried weeds to rot. Late summer is the best time to prepare ground for October and November; but if the ground is not ready for the trees by that time, planting must be deferred till February and March.

The time to plant is the next point to consider, but it must first be understood that evergreen and deciduous trees and shrubs require different treatment. As regards the deciduous or summer-leaving section, the best of all seasons for planting

is that which intervenes between the fall of the leaf and setting in of hard wintry weather—say from the end of October till the middle of December, according to the season. This is undoubtedly the best time, because all deciduous trees and shrubs are then in their most dormant condition; but those experienced in the work plant successfully throughout the winter and up to the end of March, or just before the new leaves expand. There is decidedly more risk attending transplantation after severe weather has set in, and extreme care and attention is then required in carrying out planting; it can only be done when the ground is in a workable condition, and in dry and not frosty weather. Circumstances must in all cases be considered, for in some localities one may plant throughout the winter and early spring, whereas elsewhere it would be impossible. The great point is to have the soil as dry as possible at planting time, the soil cannot be thoroughly worked among the fine roots around the ball of the tree. For this reason, if planting must be done in wet or showery weather, the soil should be lightly thrown around the roots, and not trodden until it becomes dry. There is, as a rule, little risk attending the transplanting of deciduous trees if they are well-rooted. This is a matter of great importance. A tree may be large and well-grown in stem and branch, but unless it can be lifted with a good ball of earth and fibrous roots, it will suffer greatly, or be killed outright. In order to prepare a tree successfully for the operation it must be moved or transplanted every second or third year, and this is always done under the best nursery treatment. The mere height or bulk of a tree or shrub is no criterion of excellence. To be good, its top must be well-balanced with a large mass of small roots, and then most deciduous trees may be successfully transplanted when as much as twenty feet high, with a diameter of stem of from four or six inches. My advice to every intending tree-planter is go to the largest and best nurseries where labour is expended in thoroughly preparing trees for removal. Nurserymen in a small way of business can seldom afford sufficient labour to do this thoroughly, and as a consequence their trees, which are quite as good in stem and branch as those from the best establishments, are found deficient in roots. It is advisable but not indispensable that trees which are to be planted in a light soil should be obtained from a nursery where the soil is of a similar nature, and *vice versa*.

Again, if the trees are to be planted in a bleak and exposed

situation, they should not be obtained from a low-lying nursery, or they will suffer by the sudden change. For this reason, trees from a high-lying spot, being hardier, are always preferable, and if planted in low valleys or low places, grow rapidly at once. It is best to see the trees as they are growing in the nursery before purchasing, for then one can see whether they have been crowded, or allowed ample room for growth of head and roots.

As to the proper season for transplanting evergreens practical men are divided in their opinions, some contending that autumn is the best time, while others, and these probably form the majority, prefer spring. Those who advocate autumn-planting contend that if the work is done early, say in September, the plants have time to recover before winter, and are better prepared to withstand a dry summer than when transplanted in spring. The advocates for spring planting argue that it is better not to risk the possibility of a very severe winter, which, without question, is most injurious to autumn-transplanted trees and shrubs that are necessarily but partially established. For my own part I advocate spring planting, and I would rather chance a dry summer than a severely cold winter; in my opinion no season is better for transplanting all sorts of evergreens than the latter half of April and the first half of May, especially if as is usual the weather is warm and showery. But so many circumstances have to be considered, that there really can be no rule of universal application, and those who wish to transplant evergreens throughout September or the first half of October may be perfectly successful.

Nurserymen will tell you that they plant evergreens at all times, except during the dead of winter or the height of summer, but of course they are always careful to choose suitable weather, preferably a rather dry autumn and a showery spring. Such evergreens as Hollies, Evergreen Oaks, Yews, Portugal Laurels, that are most liable to suffer from disturbance, are usually transplanted in May, the commoner kinds, which may be moved with impunity, in autumn.

To tastefully group trees and shrubs in gardens, an art few excel in, is as important as knowing all about the soil, climate, and proper kinds to plant. The planter must be thoroughly acquainted with the material with which he works, as the artist with the pigments on his palette. He must know the heights

and sizes to which the trees will ultimately attain, their rate of growth, their colour at particular seasons, the form which each will assume at maturity, whether spreading, pyramidal or columnar. All these points have to be considered in artistic grouping, and it is therefore impossible to teach much by the pen on such a subject. A few general rules may be useful for planting small gardens. Always ascertain the maximum height of a tree, so that you may avoid the frequent error of placing a tall one too near a house, so as to overshadow it, and cause unhealthy dampness and gloom. Large or tall trees must never be placed so as to intercept the view of any beautiful object or landscape. Allow for the full spread of the branches, and plant nothing near them of a permanent nature that would in course of time be under their shade, except dwarf undergrowth, such as Ivy or St. John's Wort. The observance of this rule would prevent the too prevalent practice of overcrowding for the sake of immediate effect. If a bare spot is to be planted with large trees, and a furnished appearance is required at once, plant first the principal or permanent trees, and fill the wide interspaces with inexpensive commoner kinds that may be cut away as the principals grow and spread.

The tasteful planter pays a deal of attention to producing what he calls a picturesque sky-line—that is, the outline formed by the tops of trees against the sky. This is a simple matter, because the number of trees that develop dissimilar outlines is so great. For example, the spiral head of a Lombardy Poplar, the pyramidal growth of a Pine, the spreading, rounded head of the Oak and Beech, are types that may be made to combine in a hundred different ways, so as to produce an irregular picturesque sky-line. Nor is the ground-outline of a group or mass of less importance; it should be as varied as the sky-line, in order to be pleasing and natural. Nothing is more monotonous and insipid than the usual style of planting circular masses, or clumps, as they are called, often with trees of the same height. There is in such groups an entire absence of that contrast of light and shade which makes an irregular mass so beautiful; for the light plays equally strongly on all parts of them. The essential components, then, of a picturesque tree or shrub group are kinds that attain different heights and sizes, and are of different tints, combined with a harmonious effect, and no violent contrasts, such as would result from planting a Copper Beech by the side of a Silver-leaved Maple, or a Golden-

leaved Elder. In grouping shrubs this must be particularly observed, as there is so much variety in their foliage tints.

Shrubs are commonly more crowded than trees, because, when small from the nursery, they have a bare effect if not planted thickly. A nurseryman will always tell you the kind of bush shrubs make when full grown. They should be planted a sufficient distance apart, so that when they reach their full size they just meet; then their true beauty may be enjoyed.

The selection of kinds is obviously a difficult task when we consider what a bewildering number there is to choose from. There are in European gardens no fewer than 1300 species and varieties suitable for open-air culture, and excluding those that are not to be recommended for general cultivation, there remains five or six hundred to select from. I shall confine myself to enumerating selections that may help those who wish to plant on a small scale; those who plant largely generally place themselves under professional guidance.

The short lists I have made comprise a few of the trees and shrubs that may be relied upon for planting under varied circumstances, in which advice is most needed. For good soils the selection is unlimited, and almost every kind may be grown. The lists are by no means exhaustive, but for beginners may be useful.

I begin with a selection for a chalk soil, which is perhaps the worst kind one can have to deal with. If the site is exposed to winds, shelter may be obtained by planting a mixture of the deciduous and evergreen trees named in the list, preference being given to the evergreen on account of their winter aspect.

LARGE DECIDUOUS TREES.

Beech, all varieties.
Hornbeam.
Bird Cherry.
Field Maple (*Acer campestre*).
Norway Maple (*A. platanoides*).
Tree of Heaven (*Ailantus glandulosa*).
White Beam (*Pyrus Aria*).

White Poplar.
Balsam Poplar.
Japanese Sophora.
Huntingdon Elm.
Lime (Common).
Black Italian Poplar.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Spanish Fir (*Abies Pinsapo*).
Austrian Pine.
Monterey Cypress (*Cupressus macrocarpa*).
Lawson's Cypress (*C. Lawsoniana*).
Nootka Sound Pine (*C. nutkaensis*).
Bhotan Pine (*Pinus excelsa*).
Wellingtonia.

Monterey Pine (*P. insignis*).
Cluster Pine (*P. Pinaster*).
Yew, all varieties.
Cephalonian Fir (*Abies cephalonica*).
Deodar (*Cedrus Deodara*).
Atlas Cedar (*C. atlantica*).
Evergreen Oak.

EVERGREEN SHRUBS.

Laurestinus.
 Darwin's Barberry.
 Evergreen Mahonia.
 Japanese Privet (*Ligustrum japonicum*).
 Balearic Box (*Buxus balearica*).
 Garrya elliptica.
 Phillyrea media.
 " latifolia.
 Escallonia macrantha.

Berberis stenophylla.
 Evergreen Privet.
 St. John's Wort (*Hypericum calycinum*)
 for banks.
 Cotoneaster microphylla (against walls).
 Pyracanth (*Crataegus Pyracantha*) for
 walls.
 Euonymus japonicus, in mild localities.
 Magnolia glauca.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

Laburnum.
 Double Flowered Cherry.
 Hawthorns of all kinds.
 Almonds.
 Venetian Sumach (*Rhus typhina*).
 Wig tree (*R. Cotinus*).
 Weigelas of all kinds.
 Deutzias.
 Flowering Currant.

Syringas (*Philadelphus*).
 Leycesteria formosa.
 Pyrus japonica.
 Guelder Rose.
 Lindley's Spiræa.
 Spiræa callosa.
 Kerria japonica.
 Buddlea globosa (mild districts).

Seaside Gardens necessarily suffer much from winds and salt spray, both of which are prejudicial to a great number of trees. Still there is a large number that will flourish. Most of the kinds mentioned in the list below, may also be planted in all wind-exposed places, in the southern and western counties.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Cluster Pine (*P. Pinaster*).
 Corsican Pine (*P. Laricio*).
 Aleppo Pine (*P. halepensis*).
 Monterey Pine (*P. insignis*).
 Austrian Pine (*P. austriaca*).

Monterey Cypress (*Cupressus macrocarpa*).
 Abies nobilis.
 Thuja gigantea.
 Silver Fir (*Abies pectinata*).
 Evergreen oak.

DECIDUOUS TREES.

Beech.
 Sycamore.
 Norway Maple.
 White Poplar.
 Goat Willow.
 Hornbeam.

Scotch Elm.
 Ontario Poplar.
 Huntingdon Willow.
 White Beam.
 Turkey Oak.

EVERGREEN SHRUBS.

Portugal Laurels.
 Escallonia macrantha.
 Euonymus japonicus.
 Tamarisk.
 New Zealand Veronicas.

Laurestinus.
 Bay.
 Arbutus.
 Evergreen Barberries.
 Gorse. Aucuba. Phillyrea.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| Laburnum. | White Broom. |
| Mountain Ash. | Lilac. |
| Sea Buckthorn. | Bladder Senna (<i>Colutea</i>). |
| Weigelas. | Box Thorn (<i>Lycium</i>). |
| Spanish Broom. | Hardy Fuchsias. |

Sandy or poor peaty soils, so prevalent throughout the greater part of Surrey on what are called Heaths, do not favour the growth of a great variety of trees, particularly of deciduous kinds; but yet, as the majority of Conifers flourish on them, a luxuriant tree-growth may be had in a few years. Scotch Firs, or their usual associates—Heath, Gorse, Broom, and Bracken—indicate the poorest of sandy soils, and on them should be planted a selection from the following list:—

CONIFERS.

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Deodar. | Abies Nordmanniana. |
| Atlas Cedar. | Douglas Fir. |
| Wellingtonia. | Weymouth Pine. |
| Lawson's Cypress. | Austrian Pine. |
| Nootka Cypress. | Hemlock Spruce. |
| Giant Thuja. | Common Spruce. |
| Abies nobilis. | Oriental Spruce. |
| „ magnifica. | Silver Fir. |

DECIDUOUS TREES.

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Birch. | Lime. |
| Sweet Chestnut. | Mountain Ash. |
| Sycamore. | Poplars, all kinds. |
| Beech. | Acacia. Laburnum. |

EVERGREENS.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Holly. | Kalmia, all kinds. |
| Portugal Laurel. | Andromeda, „ |
| Common Laurel. | Heaths, „ |
| Arbutus, all kinds. | Barberries, „ |
| Irish Heath. | Cotoneasters, „ |
| Rhododendrons, all kinds. | Yew, |

FLOWERING SHRUBS.

| | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| Azaleas. | Lilac. |
| Weigelas. | Leycesteria. |
| Guelder Rose. | Spiræas, all kinds. |
| Broom. | Flowering Currant. |

Clay soil of the heaviest description will grow but a limited number of exotic trees and shrubs, and is of all classes of soil the worst to deal with. Sometimes in the most plastic clays

one may see a luxuriant natural growth of Oak, Elm, Ash, with smaller growth of Holly, Yew, Gorse, Broom, and the like. But even in such places it would be unwise to risk a great variety of foreign trees. A choice may be safely made from the following list for stiff clay soils that have been well drained :—

DECIDUOUS TREES.

English Oaks.
American Oaks.
White Poplar.
Italian Poplar.
Huntingdon Elm.
Wych Elm.

Hornbeam.
Common Ash.
Sycamore.
Norway Maple.
American Lime.
Alder.

EVERGREENS.

Giant Thuja.
American Arbor-Vitæ.
Lawson Cypress.
Austrian Pine.
Stone Pine.
Common Spruce.
Weymouth Pine.

Box.
Common Laurel.
Yew.
Holly.
Portugal Laurels.
Barberries.
Phillyrea.

A selection of trees remarkable for their rich autumnal tints may be useful to those who admire the beauty of decaying tree-foliage, sometimes a glittering cloud of gold, at others dyed with the richest crimsons and reds. A few of the best to plant, for autumn effect, are :—

Liquidamber.
Yellow Wood (*Virgilia lutea*).
Venetian Sumach (*Rhus typhina*).
Wig tree (*R. Cotinus*).
Poison Ivy (*R. Toxicodendron*).
Cock's-spur Thorn (*Crataegus Crus-galli ovalifolia*).
Norway Maple.
Tupelo (*Nyssa multiflora*).

Scarlet Oak (*Quercus coccinea*).
Red Oak (*Q. rubra*).
Red Maple (*Acer rubrum*).
Tulip Tree.
Guelder Rose.
Parrotia persica.
Amoor Maple (*Acer Ginnala*).
Missouri Currant (*Ribes missouriensis*).
Pontic Azaleas.

Variegated and golden and purple-leaved varieties have a great attraction for most people, and very beautiful some of them are, but at the same time if planted too profusely they spoil a garden. They produce that "spotty" effect so offensive to the eyes of those who consider the highest type of garden landscape to be found in subdued tones rather than a contrast of pronounced tints of yellow and white. Some of the commoner golden and variegated kinds have been so lavishly and thoughtlessly dotted about in small gardens, that they meet one at every turn, and give the whole place a sickly appearance. A few specimens properly placed in juxtaposition to

a mass of greenery have a good effect, but they should never preponderate over the green-leaved things. The following list includes some of the best :—

TREES.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Purple Beech. | Silver Maple. |
| " Sycamore. | Golden Lawson Cypress. |
| " Birch. | " Chinese Juniper. |
| Golden Locust. | " Yew. |
| " Sweet Chestnut. | " Arbor-Vitæ. |
| " Poplar. | |

SHRUBS.

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Golden Hollies. | Purple Cherry Plum. |
| " Privet. | " Hazel. |
| " Elder. | Silver Hollies. |
| " Spiræa. | " Dogwood. |

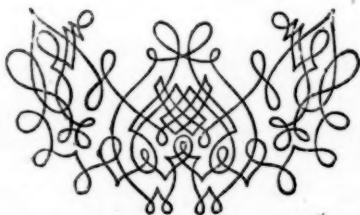
In wet places or swamps, such as occur at the foot of hills, in the vicinity of rivers and streams and low islets on artificial lakes, there is only a limited number of trees that will flourish, exclusive of Willows and Alders, which naturally grow in such places. The ground may be made comparatively dry for other kinds by cutting narrow and deep open ditches, so as to lead the surface-water to the lowest parts, and if the soil is good, a choice may be made from the following. Among Conifers the best is the Deciduous Cypress, naturally a semi-aquatic tree, and very beautiful, especially in spring, when it breaks out into a tender bright green. Evergreen Conifers that may be planted in such places, include Monterey Cypress, Lawson's Cypress, Nootka Cypress, Giant Thuja, Common Spruce, and Douglas Spruce. Among large deciduous trees are the Poplars—Black Italian, White, Grey and Black. The Weeping, Crack, Huntingdon and Tree Willows are at home in wet places, also all the smaller Willows or osiers. Of the Alders there are besides the common kinds, the golden-leaved, the cut-leaved and Imperial, all of them ornamental ; and as smaller growth may be planted Bog Myrtle (*Myrica*), Pepper Bush (*Clethra*), Darwin's Barberry, common Pontic Rhododendrons (if the soil is not too stiff or chalky).

Trees for affording shade in small gardens and other limited areas require careful selection. Too often the mistake is made in planting very large growing trees, which in time have to be mutilated or cut down. There are numbers of moderate-sized trees suitable for shade which may be planted in any but heavy

clay soils or sandy peat. This list includes Silver Maple (*Acer dasycarpum*), Flowering Ash (*Ornus*), Ailantus, Mulberry, Bird Cherry, Catalpa, Cucumber Tree (*Magnolia acuminata*), Ash-leaved Maple (*Acer fraxinifolium*), Large-flowered Medlar (*Mespilus grandiflora*), Scarlet Horsechestnut (*Æsculus carnea*), Besson's Acacia, Sophora Japonica, Weeping Beech, Weeping Elm, and Weeping Ash.

Rapid-growing trees suitable for planting *en masse* as wind-shelters or screens are numerous, and a pleasing plantation may be made by judiciously mixing the deciduous and evergreen kinds. The commonest tree for this purpose is the Black Italian Poplar, but it is not beautiful in any stage of growth. In suburban gardens and parks it has been planted indiscriminately because of its rapid growth, and is accountable for the monotonous appearance of gardens and parks about London, Finsbury Park being perhaps the worst example. Still it is a useful tree, if only planted with the view of being ultimately cut down when more beautiful trees have benefited by the shelter it has afforded. Besides this Poplar the following rapid-growing kinds are sold cheaply for shelter belts and screens: Sycamore, White Poplar, Balsam Poplar, Grey Poplar, Huntingdon Elm, Common Beech, Common Lime, Horse Chestnut, Ailantus and (in mild localities) the London Plane. Among fast-growing Evergreens are Black Austrian Pine, Corsican Pine, Scotch Pine, Common Spruce, Silver Fir, Giant Thuja, Lawson's Cypress, Nootka Cypress, and (in mild districts) Monterey Pine (*P. insignis*) and Monterey Cypress (*C. macrocarpa*).

W. GOLDRING.



Major Lawrence, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

AUTHOR OF "HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC.

BOOK VI.—THE CURTAIN FALLS.

CHAPTER V.

HIS duties as escort done, John Lawrence went back to his own cottage. He did not even wait for the funeral. There were plenty of other people to stand around Algernon Cathers' grave. Lord Helversdale had arrived, also other relations and connections down to the remotest of kin, all eager to take their part. He had done his. If further service lay in the future, it was not yet due.

He remained in that briny retreat for nearly a week, then one day walked over the ridge to see Lady Mordaunt.

She was sitting where he had seen her last, but more erect and with a better colour.

"Well, John! Well, John!" she said as he entered the room. Then, after a moment, "So, it is over!"

"Yes, it is all over," he answered, sitting down beside her.

"Poor fellow! One must say poor fellow now—mustn't one? It doesn't seem ten minutes since we were talking of him last, does it?"

He nodded, and she was silent too a while. Suddenly a spark of the old whimsical light came into her eyes. "Do you know I can't help feeling as if it was all *our* doing, John—yours and mine—as if we had killed him!" she exclaimed, turning round to him.

He winced. "Don't say that!" he said, in a tone of discomfort. Then, "I have felt so myself a dozen times," he added.

She asked about their life at Lugliano; about the closing scenes; about poor Mrs. Cathers. Her grand-daughter, she

said, was coming over some day soon, but had not left the house yet. They talked, but their talk refused to flow into its usual easy channel; a sort of embargo lay upon both; to put what they were mutually feeling into words would have been an indecorum, and they were too intimate to fill up the gap with platitudes. What there was to say they would not say, and anything else seemed a mere futility.

He got up therefore before long. She did not as usual oppose his intention, but rose too, and walked with him to the end of the room.

"Come and see me soon again," she said, as she held out her hand. "We shall be more at our ease then. Our guilt, if we are guilty, will have grown older, or like other criminals we shall have learnt to hear it mentioned without wincing." She retained her hold upon his hand, as if reluctant, in spite of her own words, to let him leave her.

"Good-bye, John, my dear, good John—John Faithful!" she said affectionately.

"Why do you call me that?" he asked quickly.

"Do you mind? Does it hurt you? Don't you think it is a good name? It seems to me a *very* good one. If everybody was called by an appropriate name, as in an old-fashioned novel, that, I feel sure, would be yours!"

"Wouldn't Dobbin be better?" he enquired irritably.

"Dobbin? Would it? I think not! You are slow enough in some things, but not slow enough for a Dobbin. Those great flat feet of his, too! No, I think my name is best. So good-bye, John Faithful. Best of Johns!"

He smiled rather grimly several times that afternoon as he thought of her words. They were kindly said, and kindly meant too, yet there was a sharp sub-flavour about them, as there were apt to be about Lady Mordaunt's sayings. They suggested to his mind a very humble friend indeed, one of those spaniel-like creatures who require absolutely no return for their devotion, who are content to live all their lives upon broken meats and half-hearted pats, which more spirited animals decline. He was an humble friend, but not quite so humble as *that*! What man, to call a man, ever was, or would be!"

He persuaded himself that he was a remarkably busy—in fact, rather overworked—man, during the week or two that followed his return from Lugliano. He really had a good deal to do, if not quite as much as he imagined. Even the smallest

of landed properties claims a certain amount of care, and it cannot be said that the little peninsula of Coltshead had hitherto enjoyed much at the hands of its owner. There was the roof of the house, which had given way in half a dozen places; fences to be mended and re-made; a boundary line across the neck of land, which was being invaded by an ambitious farmer, whose encroachments must be summarily curtailed; a foot-path which serpentine down the face of the cliff, which the sea in a fit of ill-temper had all but snatched away the previous autumn; seats to repair—many important details, in short, to be seen to—all laudable and even essential preoccupations, quite enough to engross any reasonable man's time and attention?

That unaccountable piece of mechanism we call the mind is oddly erratic in its behaviour, however. We imagine that we are conducting it in one direction, handles, footrests, everything well under our control, discreetly we jog along the high road in the soberest sort of progression, a kind of farmer's trot to market. A moment's relaxation—a glance aside—and lo! we find that the wretched thing has snatched away the control, and is hurrying us, who can say where, over hedges and ditches, to realms which a moment before we had no more intention of visiting than the topmost peak of Teneriffe, or the capital of the great Mogul!

So it was with our prudent friend. He, too, found that his mind had a tendency to stray into unauthorised regions, to conjure up pictures, evoke possibilities, which had—could not, he told himself, have—any shadow of justification. He was out of humour, restless, filled with vague longings which tingled and worried like some uncontrollable nervous disorder. He would go out with a great show of determination, full of some order he was about to give his workmen; then, before he reached the place, discover that there was no really particular hurry, and would turn away, saunter down to the shore, and stand, for hours at a time, upon one of the big weed-fringed rocks, gazing seaward across that gray plain which has been written over in its time with so many unfulfilled hopes. He could not help feeling as if there was something odd, something almost sinister in the silence which had settled down between him and the dwellers at Redcombe. Why did no one write, no one take the smallest notice of him? A sense of grievance—the more acute for being unacknowledged—began to grow up. He could be of no more use, and therefore, like

other things which serve their turn and are done with, a time came when he must inevitably be discarded. He knew that this was not the case, still he took a malicious pleasure in telling himself that it was, in putting the situation as brutally as it admitted of. It is one of the many small devices we humans are given to. When we have pushed our punishment to the furthest acme of discomfort, we know that we insensibly relax. We assure ourselves that matters are not really so bad as all that, that there are alleviations we had not previously thought of; and so by degrees we grow soothed by our own kindness!

After every such fit of consolation he would as inevitably begin again. Had they been a hundred miles apart, the sense of banishment would have been infinitely less. But to be so near, to be able almost from his window to see the woods in which lay the house that sheltered her, to be within reach of her hand, yet never by any accident to touch it! She must know that he was there, must know therefore that he would be waiting for some signal. Had the hours, days, weeks they had shared left no legacy behind them? Worse, had they left only a legacy of discomfort? Was his image so mixed up with all that had been painfulest in her life that it could *never* get clear again; but must remain for ever scared with it, like those letters which we keep but hate to touch—dried nettles, emblems only of bitterness and unforgotten stings? If that were the case, then indeed the harshness of fate would have no further unkindness left to bestow upon him.

One visitor from Redcombe did appear at the end of a fortnight. Young Mordaunt, who had been spending a week with his sister, looked in one afternoon at Coltshead on his way to the station. He gave a pitiable account of poor Mrs. Cathers. She wouldn't keep her room, he said, and did not seem ill, indeed the doctor said there was nothing actually amiss with her, but her mind was in an awful state. "As often as not she talks as if he were alive, you know—Cathers, I mean. It makes a fellow feel deuced jumpy, *I* can tell you! Wanders about the house, in and out of the rooms, sitting about on steps and in the stables amongst the horses, as if she were trying to find something. My mother says she oughtn't to be let prowl the way she does, but Eleanor won't hear of hindering her. The only person she seems to notice is the little chap—Algy, you know. She likes to have him with her, and talks to him by the hour of what he is to do when he grows up, and all

sorts of stuff the child, of course, don't understand. Half the time I believe she thinks it's the other one—his father, I mean. She drives about the country with him and the nurse opposite, and when people look up and bow, smiles and nods as proud as Punch, as if she hadn't a care in the world, and then begins to sob and cry! It's awful, quite awful, to see her, like having a sort of banshee about the place!"

"Poor soul!" the Colonel said pityingly. "It must be terribly hard upon your sister?" he added.

"Of course. She won't let you pity her, though; not a bit of it!—flares up like a bonfire if one says that the poor thing has softening of the brain—as if any one couldn't see it with half an eye! As to not having her to live with her always—why, I believe she'd knock any of us down if we were to hint at such a thing. I know I wouldn't dare do it? Yet how the deuce is it to go on, you know? Eleanor can't live with that poor thing hanging on to her always, it would be enough to send her out of her *own* wits! It would me, I know, I should be seeing blue devils and black bogies in no time if I were to stay there! You might as easily try though to kick this house into the sea—a lot easier, if it comes to that—as argue with her when she's made up her mind. If that poor thing was her mother twenty times over she couldn't seem fonder of her, or put herself about more—has her with her whenever she'll stay, and sleeps in a poky little dressing-room next door to her, so as to hear her in a moment if she stirs and wants anything. It's awfully silly, you know, perfectly nonsensical! Still, she's a trump, Eleanor is, there's no denying *that*!" her brother ended with rather unbrotherly fervour.

The Colonel agreed with him. His guest departed, he sat a long time doing nothing. A sort of aerial map had grown up before him, the map of her future. Bits of it were quite clear, but there were others which refused to fit, and which he found himself staring at in a fruitless effort to fill up the void. His own part in the matter, he told himself, he did not think of. What part in fact had he? Of this, the reader may discount as much as he pleases. It was his fingers, at any rate, that fitted the bits into their places.

Three weeks after this he had another visitor. He was sitting in his study, sorting old papers, a motley heap which had been long accumulating, family papers, official papers, half-forgotten zoological memoranda of all sorts. The morning

had been showery, and showery fringes still shaded the horizon, but here and there the sun struck clearly upon the sea. Half a dozen miles away it shone upon one specially luminous patch, in the centre of which the small triangular sail of a fishing smack, which happened to be passing, caught and glittered like a broken threepence.

He was about to take up the pen which he had momentarily laid aside, when to his surprise a sound of wheels made itself audible where no vehicle above the social calibre of a wheelbarrow ordinarily attempted to pass, and the next moment the door-bell clanged shrilly.

He waited a minute, then went himself to open it, concluding that the pensioner and his wife were—as was not infrequently the case—out of the way. His previous surprise turned to stupefaction when he found Mrs. Cathers standing upon the door-step; a large open carriage, the same that he remembered her driving about in formerly, behind; a footman, solemn in a suit of ponderous black, holding the door in his hand, while a nurse and child looked on from the cushions. How that heavy vehicle had made its way along the narrow approach, rough with stones and heavy with sand, was a mystery, but there unmistakably it was.

As far as astonishment allowed him he welcomed her cordially, and invited her to enter. She accepted, but mechanically, and almost with the air of a somnambulist. Puzzled and pitying he led the way to the sitting-room, which was a few steps away, and she followed. The poor thing was dressed in some elaborate combination of crape and cloth, cut in a peculiar fashion, and trailing behind her like a court train. It seemed to have been copied from something—something that it imperfectly resembled. She had grown thinner, and, like all elderly people to whom that happens, seemed also to have grown suddenly much older. A number of fine, hitherto invisible wrinkles crossed and recrossed her forehead and the neighbourhood of her mouth; her always prominent eyes had a dull glassy look, and a faint fixed smile, which seemed ever on the point of dissolving into tears, quivered upon her lips.

She sat down in the chair he offered her, and gazed round with an air of bewilderment, as if uncertain where she was or what agency had brought her there.

"I wasn't ever here before, was I?" she said at last, looking up at him with an air of childlike docility.

"I think not," he answered gently. "I don't remember your ever paying me a visit in old days. I have been to your house, though, many times, as I daresay you remember."

She did not answer, but looked round again and then out at the great shining plain below. "Algernon did not like the sea," she said dreamily; "he liked parks, and gardens, and houses, and birds—birds to shoot. He was a wonderful shot, my son Algernon."

The Colonel did not in the least know what to say. How far did the poor thing remember what had taken place or not? he wondered. There was no particular grief in her tone, only a sort of vaguely plaintive reminiscence.

There came again a little scud of rain, which was carried by the wind against the glass. Mrs. Cathers looked at it for a moment, and then back at him with an air of anxiety.

"Algernon ought to come in, oughtn't he?" she said enquiringly.

Her hearer started. Had the poor thing's wits really departed altogether then? Did she imagine that her son was out somewhere in the rain? A moment afterwards he remembered that the child bore the same name.

"Of course. I will go and bring the little fellow in at once," he answered hastily.

She waited while he went to the front door, and a minute afterwards reappeared escorting in the nurse and child. The little boy was swathed in black from head to foot, which suited him as a coating of soot and ashes suits a spring flower. He was a pretty, rosy little creature, as unlike Jan as one child could be unlike another—fresh, fair, and chubby, with rounded cheeks, round dewy lips, and a pair of round blue eyes which gazed at everything with an impartial air of baby acquisitiveness.

His grandmother drew him up towards her, feeling anxiously over his clothes to ascertain whether he was wet. The little boy submitted resignedly, stretching out his hand at the same time to seize a brightly-coloured pink shell which happened to be lying near the edge of the table.

"Algernon mustn't get wet," she murmured to herself. "He gets cold easily. His lungs are delicate."

Involuntarily John Lawrence looked at the nurse to see if she corroborated this statement. She shook her head emphatically and indignantly, but made no more audible denial. Evidently the household was drilled not to oppose their late master's mother in anything.

Still keeping the pink shell in his fat grasp, the little boy slid away from his grandmother's detaining hand, and trotted across the room, attracted by the sight of the aquarium, a remnant of John's former zoologic apparatus. Mrs. Cathers got up too, and presently drifted towards the door, less like a visitor departing than like someone going out of her own room into another close at hand.

Near it she stopped, however, and looked back with an air of perplexity.

"You'll come soon, won't you?" she said gently.

"Come to Redcombe, do you mean?" he asked eagerly.

"Did your—did Lady Eleanor ask you to invite me?"

She continued to look back with a slight frown of perplexity. It seemed as if she were trying to catch some floating idea, the threads of which perpetually evaded her.

"You and Algernon were friends," she said dreamily. "You were so kind to him when he was a little boy."

At another moment John Lawrence's conscience would have responded to the unintended probe, he not being conscious at any period of having nourished particularly amiable feelings towards Algernon Cathers. He was too eager now about an answer to perceive more than a momentary prick.

"If you are sure Lady Eleanor would not think it too soon; if you think I might venture?" he said hesitatingly. "I have kept away, not liking to intrude. I heard that her own relations were there, and that therefore she probably— Still, perhaps now?—"

She continued to look at him with the same puzzled expression, a wavering smile playing over her lips. Then, without answering, turned away and looked across the room at the little boy, who had just succeeded in dislodging a dead crab from the aquarium, and was trying how far its legs could be induced to come apart without actually breaking in two.

"Algernon would like it," she said in the same distant, dreamy tone. "It would be good for Algernon. Do come."

"Very well, I will," he answered.

Lady Eleanor, it was but too clear, had nothing to say to the invitation, which had plainly emanated only from the poor thing's own wandering brain. He declined to realize this fact to himself, however. When a man is very hungry he is apt not to be fastidiously punctilious: a mere accidental beckon suffices.

CHAPTER VI.

He went three days later. It had rained with hardly a break since poor Mrs. Cathers' strange visit, but was now dazzlingly fine. The breath of the Atlantic touched the cheek with a touch like velvet. The ditches were full of crimson loose-strife, the fields of ox-eyed daisies, the sky of great balloon-like clouds, racing along one after the other as if in an aerial regatta.

John Lawrence swung along the four or five miles of road until he reached the Redcombe lodge, a flower-mantled affair, all balconies and carved verandahs, like a bijou villa. A woman in a black and white cap came to see who the visitor was, and stared suspiciously at the stranger, but in the end decided to let him pass.

Unlike most places revisited after a lapse of time, it seemed to him to have grown larger in the interval, statelier too, and better altogether. The trees were splendid; straight-trunked, symmetrical, feathered down to the very ground, the beeches sweeping their light green trains far over the darker grass. The full flowing river, too deep to make much noise, rolled sleepily along, shooting arrowy glints from between the thick green covert. To him there was an excitement in everything to-day which might have been due to the warm west wind—notoriously of a heady character—but may also have been due to less material causes.

If he required a sedative, he certainly received one. He was shown by a servant into the principal drawing-room, and found it tenanted by Lady Helversdale, who was seated before a writing-table, a large morocco account-book with a coronet upon the corner, open before her, and displaying a formidable double column of ascending figures. John Lawrence remembered with some inward amusement that she had been engaged in precisely the same occupation when last he had had the advantage of seeing her ladyship, some fifteen years earlier.

The room was large, and furnished with an elaboration of ornament that was bewildering. A visitor had to make his way through a complicated maze of objects of art which blocked one another up. The windows opened upon a broad gravelled terrace, beyond which a steep grassy slope dropped to the river-

side, leaving only room for a double row of big lime-trees, between which ran a walk.

He apologized for the intrusion, explaining that he had asked for Lady Eleanor. Lady Helversdale was civil but stately. "She was not certain," she said, "whether her daughter would be able to see any one as yet or not. If she could, she was sure she would willingly make an exception in favour of so old an acquaintance as Major Lawrence. She would ring and enquire."

The old acquaintance sat down rather gloomily in a chair, while a servant went to make enquiries. Presently he returned, with the information that her ladyship was out walking in the grounds.

"Ah," Lady Helversdale said, in a tone of finality, "I daresay then you will kindly call again, as you tell me that you are staying in the neighbourhood. Naturally my daughter is not in spirits to see any but her own relations at present." There was a pause, and then—"You were acquainted with my late son-in-law, were you not?" she added in a tone of conversational gravity.

The visitor responded somewhat grimly that he had had that privilege. How well he had done to stay away, he said to himself; nay, what a fool he had been to have come at all! He pulled his moustaches, and glared under his eyebrows savagely at the unconscious Countess. Deuce take the woman and her account-book! She had kept away from her daughter when she might have been of some use, and now she was evidently going to stick to her like a leec for the remainder of her life!

A dancing step outside upon the gravel, and little Jan darted like a willow-wren into the opening, and stood there poised, upon one foot, her head on one side.

"This is my little grand-daughter," Lady Helversdale observed with gracious explanatoriness. "She is very shy with strangers, unfortunately. Janet, my dear, come here and——"

But, with a scream of delight, Jan had rushed past her, and was clutching this particular stranger round the neck.

"Colonel Laurie! It is *my* Colonel Laurie! Where have you been? Oh, where have you, have you been, you naughty, naughty man? I have wanted you so dreadfully bad, and muddle too, so much, so very, very much!"

She was hanging on to his neck, she was clutching at his arm with both hands, her little pale face flushed pink to the very brows with delight at seeing him. The next minute she was

pulling him vigorously towards the open window. "Come," she said authoritatively—"come!"

"Come where, Jan dear?"

"Out," was all the answer vouchsafed, and with a bow and a word of apology to the astonished Countess, the Colonel went out accordingly.

Once outside, Jan made for the slope, pulling him after her by the hand. It was a long rather steep slope, reaching, as has been said, to the edge of the stream, where another walk ran under the shade of some large lime-trees, and here a figure was seen slowly pacing along in the shade. Jan's impulse was not to be resisted; at any rate, was not resisted. John Lawrence yielded, his feet moving faster and faster in sympathy with her two little urgent ones. All at once, as if one of the swallows overhead had swooped and carried it away in its beak, the gloom and hurt susceptibility of the last few minutes seemed to melt and roll away. There was an exhilaration in the scene itself which it was difficult to resist. It had seemed as if the whole summer had been spent in that long wait in the breathless valley and upon the scorched hill-top, and yet how young and fresh the world looked still! It was, in fact, still only July, and a late season. The flowers in the beds had hardly attained full beauty; the lime-trees were covered with blossom, a crowd of bees, like assiduous courtiers, surrounded them, their hums of flattering commendation filling the air with an obsequious murmur.

The scent of the lime-tree, the crisp touch and rustle of the grass, the child's eager little hand like some small warm bird half enclosed in his grasp—it all seemed to go to our poor patient friend's head. He hardly knew where he was until he found Lady Eleanor's hand too in his, and his eyes meeting hers in a long look of enquiry.

She had stopped in her walk as he approached, dragged along in triumph by Jan, a faint smile parting her lips as she stood there, a pathetic figure in her heavy black, amid the green upspringing grass and under the gilt-edged shadows of the boughs.

Too full of all they had to say, too full of a hundred memories to speak, they walked along almost in complete silence, Jan, after chattering for a few moments, darting off in pursuit of a dragon-fly.

His irritation had vanished utterly by this time, melted away in the joy of her presence, in the deep untroubled calm of the scene. It was almost like meeting in a new world; one of those

moments which solace us by their intensity, while they torment us by their brevity. Life seemed to stretch away before him like a heaven-lit expanse, she walking on the flowers, he somewhere near at hand. He did not think then of any nearer claim ; his being for the moment was, as it were, absorbed and gathered up in hers. After work rest, he thought, and after trouble peace. All that had made the discord of her life ; that had spoiled its music ; that had dimmed her youth ; that had refused her nature room to expand,—all was buried and passed away for ever now. Only the best blessings, only a wider grasp of reality, only her children's love, only the benignity of sorrow, of a life resuscitated to nobler uses—only these remained. He saw her passing on from height to height, a well of healing, a benediction to all who approached her. Even the charm of the scene seemed but to reflect and make part of hers. That peculiar beauty—serene, orderly, benignant, of which English landscapes keep the secret—was strong to-day upon everything, upon the closely-shaven sward, upon the great trees and trim flower-beds, upon the smooth unrippled surface, and silent flowing of the river ; in every tint, and touch, and line. A sense of order and of permanence, of nature subdued to man, fitting into his needs, and anticipating his wants. It was an afternoon that seemed prophetic. It suggested other afternoons following one another in a long-drawn sequence, a sunlit procession, the more distant members of which were lost from sight in a golden perspective.

When they reached the first turning of the walk she paused a moment, and turned towards him.

"You have been a long time coming to see me," she said, and there was an accent of reproach in her tone.

Already, alas ! the heaven-lit plains were beginning to recede. Already self, the clamorous, the never-to-be-pacified, was thrusting up an angry head.

"I didn't think I was wanted !" he said gruffly. "You had so many others, nearer to you, and——"

"You should not have thought so," she interrupted. "No one takes your place, no one knows just what you do. I have wanted, besides, to consult you about so many things." She paused a minute and sighed. "First about poor Mrs. Cathers. I hear she went to see you the other day. What do you think of her ? I have wanted *so* much to know. Do tell me. I am so uneasy, so miserably anxious and unhappy about her. I can think of nothing else."

For some unaccountable reason, to be sought for, no doubt, in the innate depravity of human nature, the Colonel with difficulty repressed an impious ejaculation. Why he felt so angry he would have found it difficult to say. Half an hour ago he would have said that no one could have been more interested in poor Mrs. Cathers than himself, no one more eager for any remedial measures that could be devised. Now, however, he felt suddenly angered almost past bearing by the mere mention of the poor lady's name. "Was there *never* to be an end of these Cathers'!"—that was the sentiment he would have expressed if the natural man had spoken aloud! Fortunately the natural man cannot and dares not speak aloud in such fashion. Decency, a hundred invisible ligaments, hold him back and hinder it. The impulse was alarming, however, and he rushed into speech to avoid the peril.

"I thought her very ill," he said. "She seemed hardly to know where she was, or what was happening around her. I suppose she has seen doctors? What do they say?"

"They don't seem to know; they are puzzled, I think. Most of them say that by degrees her mind will recover its tone; that we must avoid excitement and agitation until she has recovered from the shock she received. All but Dr. Mulligan, who knows her best. He says she will never, *never* be any better than she is now."

She glanced up at one of the windows, as she finished speaking, with an anxious expression. The river gurgled on, uttering an occasional choking sob; the bees gathered in a brown cloud, a straggler from the ranks passing close to their heads, cleaning his pollen-coated legs one against the other as he did so, and packing the dust carefully into the basket-like receptacle he carried for the purpose. Lady Eleanor looked round with another sigh.

"I have so much to learn, I feel dreadfully bewildered sometimes at the thought of it all," she said. "Have you heard that it has—that my husband—that it has all been left in my hands to do just what I like with, until little Algy comes of age? My poor little Algy! Such a mite. Only three!"

He nodded to signify that he had heard. Lady Mordaunt had told him.

"It was wonderfully generous, it showed a great deal of trust in me," she went on with a sort of wondering sadness. "It gives one a terrible sense of responsibility—so much to do, so much

to think of, so much money to spend ! I too that know so little about money !”

“You will soon learn that. We can all learn to do with money, it is the doing without it is the difficulty,” he said gruffly.

“You speak as if there was something you wanted that money could get ?” she answered in a tone of surprise. “Do tell me if there is. Why should not friends help one another ?”

“No, no, nothing of the sort, I assure you. I only spoke generally. It is the custom, as you are aware, of impecunious mankind to grumble about money, and carp at its possessors. I only yielded to the common impulse.”

He left soon after this, taking leave of her rather abruptly. He felt that it was impossible to remain. He should make some outrageous demonstration ; say something that would shock her, that might shock even himself afterwards. Better go before anything of the sort happened.

She had not uttered a word expressive of any particular heart-brokenness, rather had seemed to avoid anything of the sort, and yet the sense of Algernon Cathers’ proprietorship, and of his own vehement opposition to it, was more strongly impressed upon him than ever as he went down the avenue. Was not everything he saw, touched, handled, his and no one else’s ? The wood-pigeons in the branches, the baby rabbits waggling ridiculous tufts of tails, the green arums under the beeches, the blue speedwells peeping up with sweet impertinent faces from the grass. It was all Algernon Cathers’ ! And she ? that beautiful woman whom he had just left ? Was she his also ? Would she *always* be his ? Would his shadow *never* be off her life ? It seemed to him that it never would. Did she desire that it should ? It was his deliberate opinion that she did not.

CHAPTER VII.

The next time he went he saw Mrs. Cathers. He had been told by the servant that the ladies were outside, so stepped out of the drawing-room on to the terrace.

He found the poor thing sitting upon a garden-chair over which a parasol had been arranged. Her eyes, expressive of a sort of astonished immovability, were riveted upon the gravel, where the small Algy was occupying himself with building a fort of

wooden bricks, surrounded by an outer circle of small heaps of gravel, into each of which he was carefully planting a tin flag borrowed from a box of toy soldiers which lay scattered on the ground. Evidently his grandmother's mind was entirely concentrated upon these military operations. She sat with her lips a little apart, her face expressive of wrapt absorption, and not even moving when the door opened and the visitor appeared.

He went up and spoke to her. She shook hands, looking up in his face with a gentle wavering smile. She knew him, and called him by his name, but in a minute her attention strayed away and became absorbed again in the child's proceedings. There was a likeness between the two faces which brought out the contrast between them with painful vividness. The little peach-faced boy, his small mouth set in a mould of baby determination; the poor feeble-faced woman, still comely, young too, comparatively speaking, but with that look of utter vacancy worse than the worst ravages of remorseless age.

Lady Eleanor, who was only a little way off, came forward and shook hands with the visitor, and they stood together looking down at the pair before them. After a minute, by mutual consent they turned away, and walked on along the broad expanse of terrace.

When he turned to speak to her he saw that the tears had gathered in her eyes, and were falling fast over her black dress.

"It breaks my heart to see her; I can't *bear* it!" she said brokenly. "It is so piteous, so cruel! I sometimes wonder what I can be made of to be so different—so—so I don't know what—like a thing of wood or stone. Why should she be like that, and I not?"

"Thank God you are not!" he exclaimed fervently.

"I have my children—that is one thing. She has *nothing*. All her life she has lived for him, thought of him, cared for him and him alone—and now she has nothing! Does it not seem hard? *She* has never been to blame, she has always been good, kind, unselfish, and yet you see what she is—a ruined creature, like the bough of a tree that is broken! What good can one's pity do her? what good will anything do her ever, ever again?"

He did not immediately answer. To his apprehension, the most piteous part of the tragedy lay in the utter worthlessness of its object. That, however, was one of those sentiments which

must for ever, he felt, remain buried in the depths of his own breast.

Little Jan came running up, excited and eager to talk to her friend, and they walked on in the direction of the kitchen-garden, the nurse being at hand in case Mrs. Cathers wanted anything. Lady Helversdale, her daughter told him presently, had left three or four days before, and she did not expect her back for some time. From what she said he gathered that all her relatives had got one by one out of patience with poor Mrs. Cathers' childlike vagaries, and had left Redcombe—

"They did not know her formerly, and have had no opportunities, therefore, of knowing what she is, what a beautiful unselfish nature she has," Lady Eleanor said in an explanatory tone. They only see what is painful and distressing. They think that she ought to be controlled, that I ought to induce her to remain in one part of the house, so that there would be no fear of her coming in contact with others. But I say that I could not *bear* to do so. She would not understand, and would be more restless and wretched even than she is now. Besides, why should I? What right have I? She was mistress here long before I was, and it seems to me, that as far as is possible, it is she who ought to be mistress still. Don't you think so? Doesn't it strike you in that light?"

He said, yes; she must follow her own heart—he was sure of that—and not allow herself to be urged into doing anything in the slightest degree contrary to its impulses.

He stayed longer with her than on his last visit, and came back again a few days later, and from that time forward was pretty constantly at Redcombe.

Mrs. Cathers grew rapidly worse. It was only at longer and longer intervals that she knew that her son was dead. At other times she spoke of him as alive, but absent. Although she had nominally made her home with them, they had often been apart for long periods, so that her mind probably reverted easily to those periods, and she believed this to be simply one of them. As a rule, she was perfectly docile, though now and then she would take some fancy into her head, from which no coaxing could turn her. John Lawrence had a considerable influence over her. The poor thing always knew him, and seemed pleased to see him. Sometimes she would talk a great deal, wandering from one subject to another in a gentle guileless babble, painful only from its inconsequence. At other times

she would be silent for hours, her hands upon her lap, her eyes fixed upon some object in front of her, her poor lips working silently, or uttering over and over some baby word of endearment, which she had no doubt used to her son when he was a child.

To the Colonel the sight was always unspeakably pathetic, filling him with a pity reaching down to some of the deepest roots of his manhood. Even without that bribe which stood beside her, his kindly impulse would have been capable of urging him to devote himself to her relief. He had his bribe, however, so we must be chary of giving him too much credit for what he might have done without it.

Insensibly his life grew into a sort of supplement of theirs, as it had once before grown into a supplement of the life at Mordaunt. The place seemed to open for him, and he dropped into it so naturally that it hardly seemed to be a voluntary act at all. Lady Eleanor clearly wanted help, and equally clearly counted as a matter of course upon receiving his. There was a good deal of one kind and another to be done, and there was no one in particular to do it. Her brother was with his regiment; the agent of the property was old; of available neighbours there were, save himself, none. Two trustees had been appointed under Algernon Cathers' will, but of these one was that trouble-hating personage the Earl of Helversdale and Kenneth; the other was Sir Peter Batherwick, of City-celebrity, whose well-rounded life admitted of his bestowing little more than a vague and distant supervision. Under ordinary circumstances the ties of kindred would have been felt, no doubt, to be imperative, and no lack of relations would have rallied about the magnificently-endowed widow and her little boy; but against this affectionate assiduity poor Mrs. Cathers' condition presented an almost impassable barrier, and for this it must be owned John Lawrence secretly offered the poor lady an eternal meed of gratitude. Nothing would induce Lady Eleanor to alter the line which she had laid down for herself. Not only would she never consent to banish Mrs. Cathers, but she refused, save now and then for an hour or so, to relegate her to the care of the servants. Lady Helversdale on two occasions appeared upon the scene, but on each occasion retreated at the end of a day or two, declaring the impossibility of *her* being expected to remain under the circumstances. Really, to have that poor unfortunate creature mopping and mowing, and going

on in such a way in the drawing-room—no one had ever heard of such a thing! Only Eleanor's ignorance of what was customary *could* excuse it. Why, when old Lord Santander—a delightful man—had been ambassador at Berlin—got that distressing softening of the brain, his family *never* allowed him to be seen downstairs. He had his own rooms and attendants, so that you might actually have stayed in the house without knowing that he was there at all.

In her dismay she even took the step of appealing to John Lawrence, demonstrating to him the utter unreasonableness of Lady Eleanor's conduct,—ruining her life, inconveniencing all her *own* relations! and for what? For the sake of a person who really had hardly any claims upon her now at all!

She got very little satisfaction out of that sturdy partisan. He all but told her in good, round terms that she was not acquainted with her daughter and never had been. An Eleanor Cathers seeking her own ease; pushing aside uncomfortable duties; hoisting society on to its accustomed throne, and letting everything else grovel at its feet, would simply not have been Eleanor Cathers at all, but someone totally dissimilar.

Even he—well as he flattered himself he *did* know her—was filled now and then with secret wonder at her devotion, at the patience with which she met all her poor charge's many and wearying requirements; tender as a daughter, vigilant as a nurse that is paid for her services. He would have expected it, and yet it filled him with as keen an admiration as if it had been a surprise. He was very susceptible, poor fellow, to admiration in that direction!

Had its destiny even been a less unfriendly one, the keynote of his love would probably always have been devotion. Its ruling thought would have been less—"How this dear woman adores me!" than "What a woman this is that I adore!" There was a touch too of the creator's pride in it. Standing there in her wonderful beauty, in the finished perfection of her womanhood, the centre of so much love, honour, admiration, the pivot round which a whole little world revolved, she was still to him his Elly, the colt-like creature whom no one else could tame, who had been almost thrust into his hands like a wild bird or bright-eyed creature that puzzled its captors. The creator's rôle is never an easy one, and John Lawrence had a full share of its pangs. It took the form of a rigid watch over himself. Not by word, look, gesture, would he add to

her burden; not by word, look, gesture, risk that friendship dearer to him than anything else he possessed. Even had their circumstances been more nearly equal, with what face could he ask her to turn over this tear-blistered page, and complacently begin another? But how far were they from being equal! She was a rich woman—the richest, it was said, in the county—while he—the juxtaposition was enough!—proprietor of a tumble-down shanty, and half a dozen acres of gorse and scrub! No! honour, pride, decency, every sort of respectable, if inconvenient virtue, forbade the idea. His rôle was fixed, and there were few greater mistakes than for a man to try too late to alter his rôle!

Under this self-denying ordinance the situation was not precisely thrilling and yet John Lawrence found little to complain of. As the summer passed away, and September faded, and October began to sicken towards November, and the hedges and ditches were cumbered with the ranks of the dead and the dying, the sense of continuity and security deepened upon him till he began to feel it a sort of order of nature that he should start as early as decency permitted in the afternoon, spend the remainder of it at Redcombe, dine there if he was asked, which was not invariably the case, and walk cheerfully home along the lanes, under the muffled starlight, or through that dropping curtain of Devonshire rain, which seems always to be more pervasive there than in any other corner of England.

He was extremely, quite exceptionally happy, happier probably than he had ever been before. He hardly thought of the future, and but little even of the past, the present seemed to have grown large enough, and he rested in it contentedly. That sense of Algernon Cathers' ownership, which at first had troubled him, wore off after a while, as the impress of even the best and best-loved owner inevitably must and does. Day by day, too, it became more difficult, not only for him but for all, to resist a certain sense of cheer, that sober cheer which comes often with the lengthening nights, and is never more felt than when the same set of people meet evening after evening round the same hearth, cut off safely from intrusions, with the oak logs reddening to powder, with an ever-running accompaniment of children's babbling talk and laughter, as irrepressible and as contagious as the little sportive jets of flame, which will leap and dance and utter quick little interjectionary notes, no matter how thickly the shadows may be lying elsewhere.

It seemed to John Lawrence that Eleanor Cathers' own life was trying hard to piece itself together again. Lighter touches broke out here and there over the sombreness of her moods, and though they passed away others arose in their turn. It took amongst other symptoms the form of a little return to her earliest tone with himself. She would fall into half-smiling, half-serious arguments, sometimes holding her own side with a spark of the old imperiousness, bearing him down and asserting her opinion, not by argument, but sheer right of acknowledged queenship. It seemed to him—and he realized it with an odd mixture of pain and pleasure—that with him she was different somehow to what she was with others, less considerate, more imperious, sometimes even a trifle capricious. Grown into the most patient, most self-effacing of women, she reverted a little here. Her old self broke out in a new place, showing a little wilfulness, a little capriciousness, nay, now and then a streak of downright honest feminine unreasonableness. It showed in other matters beside argument. She wanted his help, and depended upon it completely, so completely, that he sometimes wondered whether she quite realized how fast a time was coming when that pleasant burden must perforce be relegated to other shoulders. More even than her words, her looks, everything that she did, showed that she depended upon him. If he stayed away even a few additional hours she resented it as if she had an unchallenged right to his time and services. For all that, she would now and then carry out some scheme which they had planned together, with a sort of sudden imperiousness quite as though he had never had any share or lot in it. He wondered a little why she did so. Was it to show her own independence? Was it, could it be upon some darkly feminine theory of compensation—paying back as it were upon his unoffending shoulders some of those weary by-gone hours of self-effacement? or was it—perhaps that after all was the explanation—that she simply forgot him when he was out of sight, and remembered him only when anything called for his services, as we remember a stick or umbrella only when we happen to want a support, or the weather threatens to be showery?

These, however, were trifles, and for the most part the measure of his content was full—pressed together, and running over. In a more social neighbourhood, or one in which Society the Explorer had attained to more rigorous methods of observation, so close an attendance, even upon the part of the oldest of

friends, could hardly have failed to awaken comment. Whatever other drawbacks the neighbourhood of Redcombe might have had, in this respect it was above reproach. Lady Mordaunt, when by chance they met in her rooms, used to look from one to the other with a momentary scrutiny, kindly but whimsical. She never said anything on the subject, even when John Lawrence chanced to be *tête-à-tête* with her, so that he naturally concluded that she suspected nothing on either side beyond a friendship, which had certainly the sanction of the hoariest antiquity for its encouragement.

So the winter passed, and the spring began to make efforts towards asserting itself, and there were small lambs in the Redcombe pastures, and young crows on the tops of the big lime-trees. Jan used to come in every day, her eyes wide with tales of extraordinary discoveries she had been making in the lawn or the garden. To John Lawrence the lengthening days chiefly suggested the fact that he must shortly be going back to India—by the beginning of May, barely now six weeks off—a necessity which pressed upon him with a weight growing heavier the nearer it approached.

He hinted it from time to time to Lady Eleanor, but she always met it by an imperious rejoinder. Go? How *could* he go? It was utterly out of the question! He mustn't even think of such a thing! What was to be done about this, that, and the other, if he went? how were any of them to get on without him? Above all, what was Mrs. Cathers to do?

He used to smile and waive the question, willingly enough, letting the occasion pass, and turning to something else. The time, however, was passing on and on until now there was very little left.

A couple of weeks before the inevitable end he invited her and the children to spend an afternoon at Colts Head, to drink tea and hunt for sea beasts in the rock pools. It was a warm day for the time of year, straggling glints of sunshine brightening the wet seaweeds and tufts of yellow goats-beard—the two best bits of colouring just then upon his territory. He waited a little while for his visitors, then, finding that they did not arrive, put on his hat and sauntered down the path to meet them, pausing again at the boundary of his dominions, where a newly-erected paling had been set up, and looking back across it.

The sea, which washed it on three sides, gave from this point

a certain dignity to the little triangular plot, a dignity, yet at the same time a decided absurdity. Poor little human appanage! type of the myriads of more or less ludicrous human appanages scattered over the face of the round world, and along the edge of the great deep, type in its turn of that hovering unknown vastness, beyond the grasp of even the hungriest hands. Never before had it seemed to its owner so small; never before had his own disabilities shone in so ludicrous a light. He could have laughed aloud at the bare thought of the proprietor of *that*, aspiring even in his dreams to be anything to her. If in his dreams—and he had been visited by very strange dreams lately—such a hope had come, then his dreams, he told himself, must have been the dreams of a madman.

He was still communing in this cheerful fashion when he caught sight of his guests coming towards him, so started up, and hastened forward to meet them.

They clambered down the cliffs, and, the tide being out, visited the rock pools, where the big sea urchins lived each in an arm-chair which it had scooped for itself in the rock; where snaky anemones reared green and red tipped arms, gobbies and blennies shot to and fro, and ghostly prawns peeped at them from under the overhanging ulva. The children were in tearing spirits, excited as a pair of young kittiwakes under the touch of spring. Even Lady Eleanor's smile lost some of its seriousness as she pointed out old haunts of hers, little changed in all these years, or held a pair of wriggling little legs, while the rest of the body vanished under dripping boulders, where the most delightful things might have been seen if only the capabilities of the human anatomy had not been so cruelly circumscribed. It seemed to John Lawrence that there was a spirit too within her telling her to be young again, peeping eager eyes, and breathing quick breaths of longing. The stone still lay upon the ground, but the strong succulent growths and little wiry grasses were making prodigious efforts to thrust it aside, and sooner or later they were bound to succeed.

Half-an-hour afterwards, while the children were regaling themselves upon lumps of plum-duff, and smearing their faces with blackberry jam, provided by the pensioner's wife, he and she sauntered leisurely to and fro along the little path which edged the cliff, sometimes talking, oftener silent—that silence which only love or very, very close-sealed friendship ever attains to.

He had been speaking of something that was to happen in

the summer, after he had left, he said. Suddenly she turned to him with a rapid gesture—

"Colonel Lawrence—John—tell me. Are you *really* going to leave us? *Must* you go?" she inquired urgently.

"I must," he answered; "I am bound to be back by the middle of June. Besides, why should I stay, there is nothing in the world to keep me!" he added with a sudden bitterness, inspired he hardly himself knew by what.

She made no answer, and they walked silently on side by side. The long roll of the shingle underneath was dully audible, the great grey plain stretched dimly away into the far-off illuminated distance.

They had been silent some time, and he had turned to make some remark to her, when he discovered to his consternation that she was crying. The discovery gave him the keenest discomfort, so keen that he found it impossible to conceal it.

"Eleanor—dear Lady Eleanor—what is it? do tell me!" he cried in a tone of dismay. "Have I—can I have said anything that has distressed you? Please tell me."

"No, no, I hardly know what it is. It is only that I am tired: I have had a good many things the last few days to worry me. It is very foolish, I know, but I do feel so lonely sometimes, so dreadfully lonely—no one can guess *how* lonely. No one seems to belong to me, or want me,—no one, that is, except my little children. I feel so extraordinarily solitary in the world. I seem to have lost all my strength too. I don't know where it has gone, I used to have a good deal."

She had turned appealingly to him as she spoke, but now she paused, startled by something in his face—that kindly, helpful face which she had turned to so often, which had offered so much, and had asked for so little in return. John, in fact, *had* changed,—people do change sometimes suddenly, once for all. An impulse had come over him, one that he could neither resist nor control. His sober, patient love had suddenly changed its character. Like lightning, it had become imperious; it would have its rights, or it would die for them! it was masculine enough *now*, if never before, in its self-insistence! All those obstacles which he had himself so carefully heaped up against it—his pride, her wealth, her recent widowhood, his whole realisation of the fitness of things—he struck them right and left as

they had been straws, tossed the whole useless barricade bodily upside down, and stepped unhesitatingly over the ruins.

"That is not true! You know perfectly well that it is not true, Eleanor!" he said quietly. "You know very well that, whatever you may be to others, to me you are first,—more than first—you are the only woman alive! I love you—always have, always must, wherever you are, wherever I am. It is no doing of mine; it is part of myself—will be till I die."

He stopped. She was looking at him—he hardly knew how—startled, almost aghast, as a woman does look when a man whom she imagines that she knows suddenly reveals himself in a new light, stands before her a new figure, unfamiliar, possibly even unguessed at! She was trembling slightly, and put out her hand as if in search of support.

"There, fool that I am, I have startled you!" he said, with sudden compunction. "God knows why I said it! I never meant to do so; it broke out hearing you talk about your loneliness. I know that it is impossible, and if it were not even, I know that I am nothing to you."

She stretched out her hands appealingly.

"Don't!" she said brokenly—"don't—you are—more than you think. Only"—she paused, then suddenly burst out—"Oh, if I could! if I could! Don't you *know*, John, I would if I could? Dear John, I *do* care for you—better than for anyone—except, of course, my children—my Jan—my little Algy. But I can't do—that! I gave him all I had—once, and now there is nothing—nothing for you, nothing for myself, nothing for any one; nothing, nothing, *nothing!*" She burst into fresh sobs, and the tears rolled down her cheeks in a flood.

He stood still, feeling very helpless, rather bewildered, a little abashed. He had known it all along, he said to himself, and yet—these things being never really known beforehand—he felt it as if it had been unforeseen. Even in the midst of his own discomfort an impulse of generosity rose to the front, and a great pity surged over him, as he bent his eyes on her, as she stood there in all the plenitude of her beauty, never perhaps before so beautiful. "*Nothing!*" she had said! Not for him alone, but never, never in all the years to come! That one poisoned draught of joy had made havock of all the growing years. She had sent her arrow into the air, and it had missed its mark, had thrown her one stake, and the wretched coin had been swept away and lost in the dust for ever. By no fault of hers, by a mere misjudgment, an error so natural that it was hardly an error at all, her life—nay, her whole memory of that

life—was nothing but one great aching wound, worse a thousand times than any simple void. Thinking of all this, of all he had seen, all he had guessed, all that she had endured, of which she still bore the traces, his heart melted over her with a great tenderness. He did not even resent—what he might fairly have resented—the woman's unreasonable appeal, and the equally unreasonable, if also equally womanly astonishment when the response to that appeal was more vehement than she had bargained for. He was past resenting that or anything else. Lady Mordaunt had twitted him with his humility, and he felt certainly desperately humble now. She was his all, you see. Other men put treasures into different caskets, but he had only this one. He was nothing, he told himself, to her, but that could not affect the position. He had given what he had given, and it was past his own power to withdraw the gift again.

Suddenly she looked up through her tears with a little quick, imperious gesture, one which he had grown accustomed to of late—

"But that has *nothing* to say to your going back to India!" she exclaimed energetically. "*Please* don't go. I am sure you need not if you do not choose. There must be plenty of others there without you, and we want you so badly. I, and Mrs. Cathers, and the children. *Promise* that you will not go, at any rate for a long, long time?"

He stared at her silently. It was one of those impulses which have set men talking from the beginning of time about the unaccountableness of the feminine mind! Why on earth should she wish him to remain, seeing that he was no more to her than he was, that she plainly never wished him to be anything more? What he failed to understand, what she did not perhaps fully understand herself, was that if she shrank from marrying him, she shrank still more from losing him. That the thought of her life with him gone out of it was as the thought of a life without a centre, a boat without a rudder, a thing maimed and incomplete. He did not understand it, and his anger—a difficult fount for her to touch—was stirred. His bristles began to rise.

"It would be utterly impossible, of course," he said curtly. "You evidently don't in the least understand. How the—how on earth could I remain? It is ridiculous even to suppose such a thing!"

The tears sprang again to her eyes.

"You are very unkind. You say that only to pain me, to make

me feel that I have acted badly, and all because—because other things are impossible—as they *are*—quite, quite impossible!”

Suddenly—by dint perhaps of her insistence—a hope began to rise in his breast, a very small hope, seen far off, and vaguely as if through some disturbing medium. It was like some creature of the deep, which rises to the surface when every ripple is laid. For a moment he seemed to catch the faint pulsations of its coming, to perceive it gleaming away deep down below the surface.

“Will it *always* be impossible, Eleanor?” he said tenderly, his face looking leaner and browner than usual, but all the patient love of his whole life shining clear and steady in his honest eyes. “Don’t keep me in suspense, dear, tell me. I can bear it. Why should I not? I have never had any hope, so that there is nothing new in that. Only tell me, tell me honestly.”

She threw out her hands impetuously.

“How *can* I tell? I do—love you, the word is not a bit too strong, but when I think of marriage, when I think of all those old mad, foolish, wicked feelings—for those sort of wild, reckless feelings *are* wicked—it fills me with a sort of horror! When you tell me you love me, then it all comes back, and it makes me—it makes me”—she paused, grew very pale, and a look almost of terror came into her face. “I *cannot*. Simply I *cannot*! Don’t ask me!” she cried passionately.

“Very well,” he answered quietly. He stood still, looking at her. She was white, he saw, to the lips, her eyes, too, had a scared look, as if she saw something strange and terrible. What did she see? he wondered. What gleams from the past were throwing their sinister light along the footway?

“Listen,” he said after a moment. “Put all this out of your head; put out of your head that I have spoken, put everything away that disturbs you. When I come back—as I shall come back, sooner perhaps than you look for!—then I will ask you again. If you can give me another answer, well and good, if not—well, I suppose I must learn to bear it! Only get well, get calm, be as happy as ever you can, that is what you have got to do.”

He turned of his own accord, and they walked back together to the cottage.

The sea had changed its note and become noisier. There was a hollow reverberation like the preludings of a coming storm, and all the little sea-pools were crossed with angry wrinkles. Words—mad, strong, passionate, adoring—kept leaping to John

Lawrence's lips, overwhelming him almost with their insistence, but he drove them resolutely back. She should *not* be tormented, he said to himself, she should be left in peace. Her life should have time to settle itself, till the sensitive tendrils had anchored again after the storm, till Time the merciful had given back to her something of the old tranquillity. If by pressing her now he could—as for a moment it had seemed—have overcome her reluctance, still he would have abstained. If by tormenting her he could have won her, even so he swore to himself he would *not* torment her. The perfect hero, we all agree and admit, is the perfect monster, yet at this moment, if never before or again in his history, John Lawrence in his biographer's opinion was the perfect hero.

The children, who had been going through no such exciting moments, were still soberly eating plum-duff, and besmearing their faces with jam in the little parlour. Jan came to the window with a large lump of the former delicacy in her fingers.

"Have a little bit, Muddie," she said, stretching it down over the ledge towards them. "Just a wheshy, wheshy bit," she continued insinuatingly. "It is so nice, and hard, and stodgy, all over little leathery lumps like vezy old plum-pudding."

"That doesn't sound tempting! You are not very kind to Colonel Lawrence's good things, Jan!" her mother said, with rather a faltering laugh.

"But, it *is* good! weally good," she announced, turning to the proprietor of the depreciated dainty with an air of conviction; "*I* like it. And I am coming back vezy soon to see if the little prickly man has got into his hole. Algy is too young; I shall come alone all by my own self next time!"

"Shall you forget me, Jan, when I have gone?" he enquired, rather irrelevantly to the prickly man.

Jan drew herself up. "I never forget; do I, Muddie? I thudn't forget you not if you was away for yearths and yearths and yearths! not if you never came back never no more!"

"Let us hope it may not be quite so long as all that?" he answered with a laugh.

Ten days afterwards he went, and they remained behind under the dappled skies, and beside the river, running thick and turbid to its goal. He did not hear very often from Lady

Eleanor during his absence, and her letters, when they did come, seemed to him to breathe a certain constraint. Lady Mordaunt's were much fuller, and it was from her that he received the account of that tragedy which was the most signal event of the year following his departure.

Mrs. Cathers, she told him, had for some time been getting worse, her appetite declining, her strength failing. One day, as she was sitting with her daughter-in-law and a nurse in an upstairs room, she all at once sprang from her chair, ran over to a window and opened it. They followed, and urged her to close it again, the day being bleak and raw, but she took no notice. Hark! she said, Algernon was calling. Did they not hear him? he was downstairs. What did they mean by not going to see what he wanted? Was he to be kept waiting in his own house? With great difficulty they at last got her to believe that he was not there, and to sit down again, but after that nothing would divest her mind of the idea. At all hours of the day and night she would start up and say that Algernon wanted her, he was calling, did they not hear him? He was in the next room, or he was shooting in the wood, or he had just come in from riding, and she must go down and see that the door was open, as he would certainly take a chill if he were not let in at once. Poor thing, it was she, in spite of all care, that took the chill, Lady Mordaunt went on to say. One night in early spring, when snow was on the ground, the nurse, who had a bed in the room, was asleep. Eleanor, who slept in the next room, and who generally awoke at the slightest movement, was asleep also, no one heard or knew that the poor creature had left her bed, run downstairs, and managed to get the front door open. It was not until a sensation of cold stealing through the house awoke Eleanor, who sprang up and hastened into the next room, where to her horror she found the bed empty.

Arousing the nurse, both hurried downstairs, and there, in her nightgown, exposed to the full night draught, they found Mrs. Cathers, crouched upon the doorstep, waiting patiently for her son, whom she no doubt believed to be somewhere not far off. They got her back to bed, Lady Mordaunt added, applied hot fomentations, and sent off post-haste for the doctor. But the hour's chill had done its work. Next morning she was in high fever, talking wildly of Algernon, her little Algernon, her baby, her darling boy. Why did they not bring him to her? did they want to kill her child, her precious treasure?

After about a week the fever left her, but she began steadily to sink, and nothing that the doctors could contrive would restore her strength, and within three weeks she had followed Algernon Cathers, and been laid beside him in the same grave.

Her grand-daughter, Lady Mordaunt went on to inform him, had taken the poor thing's death dreadfully to heart, and had chosen to imagine that it was in some degree her fault, the effect of her having slept too soundly that night, or of some want of proper precaution. It was one of Eleanor's failings that she was certainly morbid. The troubles of her married life had told in that direction. She could not get it out of her head that everything that happened was somehow or other her fault. Well, perhaps, in a sense it was. She had chosen to marry Algernon Cathers contrary to the advice of older and wiser people, and must take the consequences. He was dead, but such a life as theirs had been left ghosts behind it. Happily for her she was young, and the ghosts that haunt young people lack persistence. They come and go, and change their colours like the flower-beds in a garden, blue and yellow at one time of year, and red and purple at another. It was only in the winter, it was only when you were old, that they were always the same, that they sat all day staring at you with the same dull, stony faces, till you felt like throwing your teacup at them, and bidding them begone. Her grand-daughter was devoting herself to good works of various kinds, and seemed to her to be making a hecatomb of political economy, and offering it to her troubles. It was to be hoped some one would interfere before she had pauperized the whole neighbourhood, which she seemed to be in a fair way of doing.

The letter ended—"You say that you are coming back, and if so in the name of sense and reason let it be as a free man this time, and not upon a ticket-of-leave, not with a rope round your leg, like a goat that is tethered out for the day, and liable to be plucked back the minute he is getting a mouthful. Four thousand miles, allow me to assure you, is an inconvenient distance to run backwards and forwards, so let those ridiculous people who have kept you there so long know that you are not going to be at their beck and call any longer. That there are other people at this end of the world that are worth at least as much as they are, and who cannot any longer do without you."

THE END.

Our Library List.

A MEMOIR OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By J. L. CABOT. (2 vols. 18s. *Macmillan*.) Emerson's literary executor fills in the sketch of the Sage of Concord, given by Dr. Wendell Holmes two years ago. Many details of childhood and early life are supplied, and for the rest the book is made up of extracts from letters and journals connected by a slight thread of narrative. Emerson, as he said of himself, "was not born under epistolary stars," and his powers do not show to advantage off parade. But a book may be very good reading without reaching the level of the 'Essays' or 'Representative Men,' and those who wish to study the man as distinct from the writer, will find plenty to interest them in these volumes. The list of authors whom Emerson liked or disliked throws considerable light on his strength and his limitations. His reading, though wide, was not very thorough; he seems to have cared more to extract congenial sentiments from a book than to study it seriously, his labour was that of the bee rather than the ant. The work of editing has been accomplished with admirable taste. An appendix gives a valuable list, with extracts, of Emerson's lectures, published and unpublished.

GOSSIPS WITH GIRLS AND MAIDENS. By LADY BELLAIRS. (1 vol. 5s. *Blackwood*.) The most interesting feature of this book is the combination of conventionality in social details, and the absence of prejudice about larger subjects. Lady Bellairs has such a high standard of decorum, that she thinks it necessary to mention in her rules of what should be cultivated, "A habit of returning to your chaperon after each dance at a ball," and is so alive to the exigencies of society, that she gives recipes for "a sprightly vivacious walk," and "making a good bow by a graceful, slow motion of the head;" and at the same time is in favour of girls going to College, and entering every kind of profession. Her information on these subjects is the best part of the book, and may be found enlightening in families where such occupations are thought essentially unlady-like. There is some excellent advice about practical matters, such as sanitary knowledge; but most of the suggestions for

self-improvement and for the cultivation of personal charm are astoundingly trite.

MY CONSULATE IN SAMOA, by W. B. CHURCHWARD (1 vol. 15s. *Bentley*), records the experiences of four years spent among the dwellers in the Navigator Islands, the missionaries, for whom a good word is said, the white settlers generally addicted to "squareface" Dutch gin, and the merry, talkative, child-like natives. Style is by no means Mr. Churchward's strong point, and we could well have spared the descriptions of scenery, already familiar from recent books, and of sunrise, that *crambe repetita* of travellers; but on the more congenial topic of native customs and character our author is excellent company, and has much to say that is both amusing and fresh. The Samoans are quite incapable of self-government, and are happily conscious of the fact. Their notions of law are as delightfully vague as any lady novelist's. They eagerly adopt European games, but modify them to suit their needs; thus cricket-matches are played with 200 or more on a side, last for months, and are resorted to in troubled times to divert the popular mind from politics. Why cannot we organize a gigantic cricket-match at home, to last till the Irish question be settled?

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE, by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1 vol. 6s. *Sampson Low*), is a bright and genial account of the visit recently paid by the veteran Autocrat of the Breakfast-table to this country and to Paris. A delicate sense of courtesy has prevented Dr. Holmes from reporting any of his conversations with his distinguished hosts and friends, and has banished from his pages the touches of shadow that might perhaps have given more relief to his picture; but the alertness and sparkling suggestiveness which delighted readers of his former books is still present. Dr. Holmes went to the Derby in company with the Prince of Wales and other Royalties, was fêted by various celebrities, social, literary, and medical, and received three honorary degrees. There is not much that is very new or striking in the book, but, like the "Life of Longfellow," noticed last month, it leaves a charming impression of happy old age—"plein d'usage et raison."

WEATHER, by the HON. RALPH ABERCROMBY (1 vol. 5s. *Kegan Paul*), is an elaborate treatise on a subject traditionally interesting to every Englishman. Before attacking the more abstruse parts of his theme, the author passes in review the various signs in sea, land, and sky, which untutored observers—rustics, sailors, and the like—have regarded as prognostics, pointing out the core of scientific truth in each. A chapter is devoted to the varying shapes of clouds. Technical terms, isobars, cyclones, meteograms, &c., are then fully dealt with and different eccentricities and types of weather described. The volume concludes with two chapters on forecasting, both for solitary observers

and by means of synoptic charts. The explanations given, assisted by numerous diagrams, are admirably clear, and the task seems to have been a labour of love. We think the definition of weather which occurs incidentally on page 20 should have had more prominence.

CHRONICLES OF AN OLD INN. By ANDRÉE HOPE. (1 vol. 5s. *Chapman & Hall*.) No object can be more unexceptionable than to recall to those who do not know their London any of the old buildings which form part of its history, and in this book Gray's Inn, with its faded grandeur, its conventional quiet in the midst of the City's din, and its memories of the past, is described with a certain plaintive grace. The chronicles themselves are very slight; they consist of a few traditions and some quotations from Dryden, Pepys, and other writers alluding to Gray's Inn. Most of the book is taken up with short biographies of the eminent men who have been connected in any way with the Inn. In the case of a lesser and somewhat dim light, like Sir William Gascoigne, the author's pretty embroideries are not misplaced; but such men as Bacon, Sir Edward Coke and Bishop Gardiner are hardly suitable for slender and sentimental sketches.

LADY GRACE AND OTHER TALES, by MRS. HENRY WOOD (3 vols. *Bentley*), contains nearly two volumes of a novel, and three short tales. The longer work is very slightly put together, and many threads are left hanging loose which, under happier circumstances, would doubtless have been woven into the main fabric. The first half of the story relates the career of the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten, who began married life on £200 a year, but found, when after his first wife's death he wedded Lady Grace Carmel and became a Dean, that an income of £4000 was lamentably insufficient for his needs. Sudden death saved him from the consequences of his improvidence. The second volume is occupied with the love affairs of the Dean's children, and of their cousins, the Misses Maude-Dynevor. The two best of the short tales are in the "Johnny Ludlow" vein. The whole book is steeped in motherly sentimentalism, somewhat old-fashioned, perhaps, but not unwelcome as a contrast to current "intensity."

POOR NELLIE. (3 vols. *Blackwood*.) This is not an agreeable book. All that can be spared from a long-drawn analysis of a mother whose worldliness does not shrink from crime, is taken up by an equally minute but fortunately less diffused description of a lovely young woman in advanced stages of drunkenness. The story would be almost uneventful if it were not for the unexpected tide of battle, murder, and sudden death which flows in the last chapters. There is a great deal of cleverness in the conception of the characters, and the author touches on some truths with considerable force; but the satire loses much of its point, as it is conveyed in a slipshod style, with endless

repetitions. Though the book is inferior in every respect to "My Trivial Life and Misfortune," some of the writing is original and striking. The love of an emotional misunderstood girl is described with real passion, and here and there is a scene in nature drawn with rare beauty.

LIKE AND UNLIKE. By the Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET." (3 vols. *Spencer Blackett*.) Miss Braddon has the knack of making everything she writes readable, but she never shows her powers to greatest advantage when she has not a powerful plot on hand, and in her last book the exciting element is not sufficiently strong. The scene opens in an ancestral home, where there is nothing darker than the reckless character of a young man who keeps his refined mother and hyper-sensitive brother Sir Adrian in constant anxiety lest he may come to grief, makes love to handsome Madge, the granddaughter of a basket-maker, and finally marries the girl to whom his brother is engaged. Then follows the description of a neglected wife, and the unwholesome influence of a fast sister, and when the reader is becoming somewhat wearied of the unpleasant condition of things, a dreadful and most unlikely murder is committed. The end, however, is thoroughly edifying. The unbending sinner is brought to repentance by Madge, the girl whom he has tried to ruin, and who becomes the good angel of the book.

MAJOR AND MINOR. By W. E. NORRIS. (3 vols. *Bentley*.) Mr Norris is a sure refuge to readers in need of a sensible, well-constructed story. If he does not sound the depths of human nature he has considerable knowledge of its surface, and he leads his characters, though the sense of their being led is never quite lost sight of, in a pleasant life-like way. The central figures in this story are two brothers, the eldest of whom, fortunately a musical genius, is cast penniless on the world, owing to the base conduct of his younger brother, who takes advantage of a will made in anger, and a young lady with a perfect profile, immense riches, and unbounded self-assertion, who plays an important part between them. The interest in the course of events is steadily if mildly sustained, but the cleverest parts of the book are the descriptions of a rising sea-side place from the opposite points of view of a fine old English gentleman and a vulgar builder.

